YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

TINTYPE FROM FRANCE: TANK-DESTROYER TEAM

Report From One of the First GIs To Enter Pari

PAG

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A PARISIAN WOMAN SHOWED THIS SERGEANT HOW GLAD SHE WAS TO SEE HIM.

THE GRAND PARADE OF LIBERATION PASSES THROUGH THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

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PARIS

A YANK correspondent, one of the first American GIs to enter the city, describes its riotous return to freedom after four sad years under the rule of the Nazis.

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS [By Cable]—The French GI came home to this center of his world over a long bloody route. The names of the cities and villages that blocked his way are written on the tanks he used to crash the German defenses between Apernon and Porte d'Orleans, the eastern gateway into Paris.

Sgt. Reg Kenny, a YANK staff photographer, and I entered the city through that gateway with the first tanks of Brig. Gen. Jacques Leclerc's 2d French Armored Division, the same battle-hardened outfit that had made the historic march from Lake Chad in West Africa to the Tunisian front two years ago. We saw the first French tank that went into action against the Germans inside Paris.

We joined this French division near Le Petit Chilly in the countryside near Paris where some of its vehicles were clearing the enemy from the farm fields. We were driving a captured German jeep or *Volkswaggon*, which was sporting a new coat of GI paint and a home-made American flag, presented to us by a Frenchwoman in a newly liberated village.

We talked with a French sergeant, a Parisian Jew, who had escaped from France just after the American invasion of North Africa in 1942 and had made the long march from Lake Chad under Leclerc. Farther up the road we heard some soldiers speaking Spanish and stopped for a word with them. They were part of an entire battalion of Spanish Republicans who had fought against the troops of Hitler and Mussolini in the Spanish Civil War. They had crossed the Pyrenees after the fall of their republic and had been interned in southern France for many months. For them the battle of Paris was only a continuation of the battle they had fought in Madrid back in 1936.

From Le Petit Chilly we moved on to Antony, one of the outlying suburbs of Paris where the townspeople calmly stood along the roads watching the exchange of shells and machine-gun fire between Leclerc's men and the German rear guard as though it were a theatrical performance.

German resistance at Antony was heavy. In a garage there, where we ducked to get out of shell fire, we saw a young girl who had been killed just after seeing her brother, a member of Leclerc's forces, for the first time in four years.

But the people in Antony were happy. We had excellent wine in a cafe there that night and everybody was full of good cheer. They were singing *"La Marseillaise"* and they demanded that Kenny and I sing "The Star Spangled Banner." We tried to change the subject but they would not take no for an answer. We had to stand up and struggle through one verse in our weak flat voices. I learned one thing that night. The average Frenchman doesn't know the second stanza of *"La Marseillaise"* any better than the average American knows the second verse of our national anthem.

WE moved on with the column at dawn, creeping past the onrushing armor and entering Porte d'Orleans between lines of cheering people of Paris as the sun came up. Some of the vehicles turned left when we reached the Bienvenue station of the Paris subway, but we went straight on down the Avenue du Maine. (Yes, Paris has a Main Street, too.) We stayed with the tanks as they headed along Montparnasse Boulevard and the Boulevard des Invalides toward Napoleon's tomb.

There the crowds closed in around our car and men and women began to smother us with kisses. We were the first American soldiers they had seen in Paris, and the welcome they gave us was something for the books.

At the Rue de Sevres we ran into our first road block. The French are old hands at street fight-

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Street by street, the Germans were driven out of Paris. Here a French detachment uses an abandoned German trench parapet as it presses on after fleeing Nazis.

ing. Just as they had done in the French Revolution, they had torn up paving blocks to build barricades during their battles with the Germans. But now one of these barricades was in our way. People came from all directions and swarmed over it, pulling the blocks aside to make a path for the tanks.

We had our first brush with the Germans outside the Church of St. Francis Xavier. They were barricaded in the Military School of France and had a road block beyond the church, down the Rue d'Estrees. Our tanks pumped several shells into the barricade. The soprano chatter of *Schmeisser* machine pistols and our own .50-caliber machine guns echoed through the streets.

We watched the finish of the fight from the roof of a nearby apartment house with an American resident of Paris, R. E. Weller, a representative of the New York banking firm of Dillon Read & Company. We could see the FFI and Leclerc's troops exchanging shots with the Germans in the military school and, every now and then, turning aside to take a crack at some of the *Milice Francaise*, Nazi-controlled French militia, who were sniping from other buildings. After about an hour, the fighting stopped and the enemy came out as prisoners.

THEN we made a swing around the city. There was fighting on all the streets that stemmed out from the Arc de Triomphe like spokes in a wheel. As we parked the car near the arch, a member of the FFI rushed up and asked us if we were armed. The only weapon we had was Kenny's .45, which we dragged from under the seat. The Frenchman asked us to help him search a nearby building for some members of the *Milice* who had been firing on the crowds.

The shots had been fired from a balcony of an apartment on the top floor of the building. Kenny and I pushed our way into the apartment and found two men inside, a French Indo-Chinese and an Italian. The place was full of empty bottles and wine glasses. We gave them time to put on their coats.

The Indo-Chinese offered us several packages of British cigarettes and some very good French cognac to release him. I turned him down. I had American cigarettes and a bottle of excellent American rye, Hiram Walker's best, which Mr. Weller, the American banker, had given to me.

When we brought our prisoners down to the street, we checked their papers. The Italian's passport showed that he had traveled freely and extensively around Europe when it was occupied by the Germans. It looked bad for him. He was supposed to be a cafe proprietor. The Indo-Chinese was listed on his passport as a chef. We turned the two of them over to the FFI for investigation.

All that afternoon the bodies of dead Germans lay around the Arc de Triomphe. The people passing by stepped over and around them, the girls in bright skirts and crisp white blouses, the older women and men in their Sunday best.

Once during a lull in the fighting I saw two women, shrieking and screaming, chase a girl down the middle of the Avenue Marechal Foch. They caught up with her and tore the clothes from her body. Apparently she had been too friendly with the Germans. Some of Leclerc's soldiers pulled her away from the women and sheltered her beside their tank. I noticed her white blouse, blue skirt and red sash lying in the street; her patriotic colors did not give her much protection. I couldn't help thinking of the day in Berlin in 1934 when some German women who had married Jews were marched nude through the streets.

In all the fighting I saw in Paris, I didn't see a single patriot get hit by one of the *Milice* bullets. There were casualties, of course, but I didn't see them. The snipers on the rooftops and upper floors of the buildings kept themselves almost invisible. We saw only one of them. We were driving down a street and the people of the sidewalk shouted a sudden warning to us. Just in time we looked up and saw a man leaning out of a window with a German grenade in his hand. When he saw us looking, he ducked back inside.

FROM the Arc de Triomphe we drove to the Place de la Concorde where most of the government buildings are located. There had been bitter fighting in that area, especially at the Hotel Continental where the German military governor of Paris had his headquarters.

Other German general staff members had lived in the larger hotels, like the Majestic, the George V and the Plaza.

Opposite the Plaza, in a garden beside the home of a marquise, the Nazi brass hats had built a two-story concrete blockhouse, which could have served as an air-raid shelter or as a protection against a local uprising. It was air-conditioned, completely furnished and equipped with its own electrical and telephonic systems. Under the structure was a series of underground escape passages. The walls were five feet thick.

In the midst of the crowd in the Place de la Concorde we saw a souvenir peddler with a pushcart loaded with tiny American flags and small pins with the French and American flags crossed on them. Where the flags ever came from after four years of the Gestapo in Paris we don't know. For that matter the large American, British and French flags decorating the buildings were even a bigger mystery.

On the roof of the Naval Ministry building, French gendarmes were stripping swastikas from the flagstaffs. One of the gendarmes, with a feeling for the dramatic, blew several blasts on his whistle to attract the attention of the crowd below. Then another gendarme handed him a Nazi banner. He held it over his head, blew his whistle again and threw it down to the crowd. There was a scramble for souvenirs and in a few moments the flag was torn to shreds.

That night the town was comparatively quiet. The next morning we roamed the Place de la Republique and the Bastille until it was time to go to the Champs Elysees for the reception for Gen. Charles de Gaulle. We were stuck in the crowd a few blocks away and missed seeing the uproar when the general was fired upon by snipers in the Place de l'Hotel. There was, however, enough excitement where we were to keep us occupied. It took us almost two hours to work our way back to headquarters. Almost every intersection in the neighborhood was cut off by gun fights, which continued wildly until dark. It seemed as though the French were ready to fire at anybody or anything.

We had dinner that night at the home of an Englishwoman whose mother and father were both interned by the Germans. We were just finishing the coffee when German planes came over the city. We went downstairs to a second cellar under the apartment house where the air-raid shelters were located.

The people we met in the shelters were bewildered by the bombings. Why should they have to endure air raids, they asked, now that they had been liberated? We tried to tell them how fortunate they were to have avoided so many raids in the past few years and we described to them the robot-bomb destruction we had just seen in London.

These people in Paris do not seem to have had as tough a time of it as the British have had since 1940. We found no serious lack of food here. There has been a shortage of such things as sugar, coffee, tea, meat, butter and oil. But the people don't look hungry. In fact a lot of them seem to appear better fed than most Londoners.

But the mood of Parisians does not bear much resemblance to the old indifferent and lazy attitude of the city in 1938. The men and women here now seem charged with a new spirit of fierce rebellion and recklessness. The jails are getting full of people who played ball with the Nazis. The White Russians are having a tough time; almost every one of them is suspected of being a German sympathizer.

And everybody in Paris feels there is still a lot of fighting to be done before Hitler is beaten. I have met men everywhere who want to know how they could get into Leclerc's forces and go on to the fighting front. They realize that you don't win wars merely by freeing big cities like Paris. They know that you win by killing the enemy and they want to get on with that job.

AFTER the air raid, Kenny and I climbed to the roof of the building to get a look at a fire which was burning in the distance. The blackout was still on and without thinking I lit a cigarette. A vigilant FFI man somewhere in the street below fired at us.

We went downstairs and drove toward the fire. We thought it was the Cathedral of Notre Dame but we found that the famous old church was untouched. The Germans had hit a big wine cellar not far from it. The FFI men, who seem to be jacks of all trades, were doing a good job of fighting the fire with leaky hoses. They had organized a bucket brigade, too, which was throwing wine on the fire.

A few days later we watched American GIs of the V Corps march along the Champs Elysees, the Place Vendome, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli and past the Obelisk where they were reviewed by Gen. de Gaulle, Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley and Brig. Gen. Leclerc. This was no victory parade; it was a real march. The two U. S. divisions were moving up to the front with full combat equipment and they were merely being routed through Paris, as Gen. Eisenhower explained later, to give the people a look at some of the Allied military power. The GIs did not stop to relax in the city. They marched on through it and up into the line.

Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children lined the avenues and cheered the dogfeet. There was one GI on a truck who kept pointing toward Germany and then lifting a finger and slashing his throat.

The crowd loved him.

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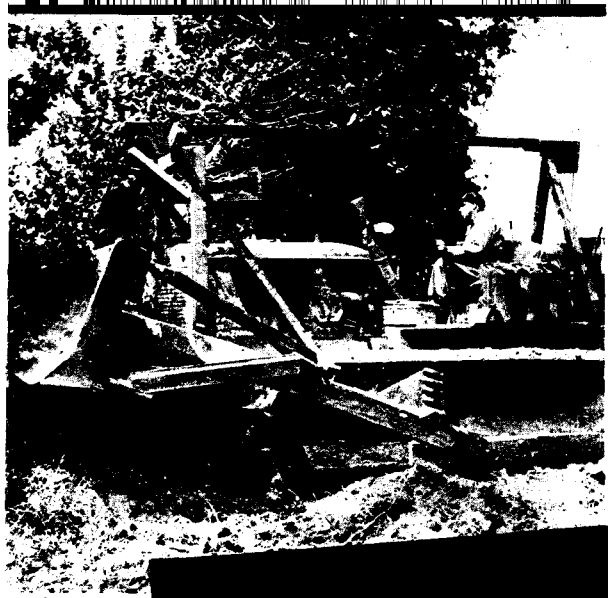

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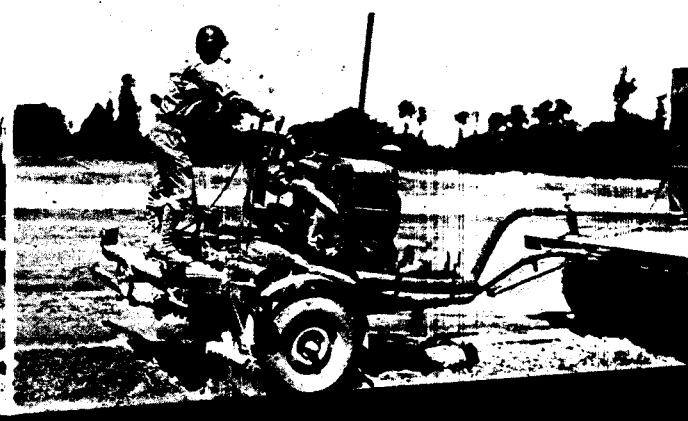
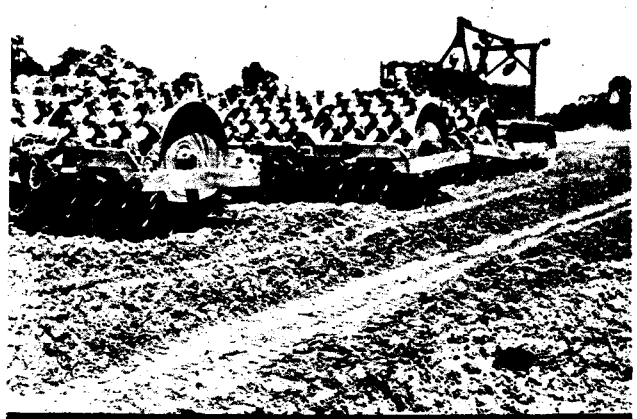


6. Engineers examine soil to see if it will dry properly, will be able to hold surface matting.

Aviation Engineers in France

2. This clamshell steam shovel clears away the trees and bushes plowed down by the bulldozers

3. This is how the tough Normandy hedgerow looks when dozer and clamshell are through



4. Heavy sheep's-foot rollers go over the site again and again to ...

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

FRANCE [By Cable]—The Ninth Air Force's aviation engineers are still griping.

They griped about the dust in Africa, when they were following the British Eighth Army, marking out rectangles with flags and calling them airfields. Now that they are in France, they gripe about the hedgerows and the trees, the snipers and the 88s and the mortars, and the French donkeys. Especially the donkeys. The donkeys, they say, are uncooperative; they persist in rolling on graded, finished dirt surfaces, which doesn't improve them any.

In spite of these minor obstacles, the engineers have been doing a job here in France. They have built emergency landing strips in six hours and full-fledged airdromes—complete with taxiways, hardstands, roads, troop areas and fuel dumps—in eight days. And they have built these strips and airdromes where only hedgerows, wheatfields and orchards grew before.

They work from 0530 until 2230, in two shifts, and the same day one field is finished, the engineers move up to start another job. (When they're working at a detail, the engineers always speak of it as "the job.") Their officers are mostly West Pointers and former civil engineers, and they rarely call their noncoms "sergeant"; with them it's "foreman" or "construction supervisor."

Some of the aviation engineers have been here since D Day. Fifty men of one battalion, landing with the 1st Division, dragged heavy equipment through mortar fire up onto the beach at 1000. Then they discovered that the road to the site where they planned to build an emergency landing strip was still in enemy hands. They couldn't stay where they were because the beach was still under fire, so they decided to fight their way ahead. They began work on the ELS at 1830, D-Day night. At 2200 the strip was finished.

Then a reconnaissance party, led by M Sgt. Charles Lane of Fort Worth, Tex., and Sgt. Rex McDaniel of Earl Park, Ind., went out to select a site for an advanced landing ground, making measurements under fire. The next day the 50 engineers went to work, completing the ALG on D-plus-eight.

These sites were selected months before D Day from aerial photos taken by reconnaissance planes. But the photos could not always tell the full story, so a reconnaissance party would be sent out to look over a site before work began, often while the infantry was still fighting for the place. If the site was okay, the engineer battalion moved in, cleared out mines and began work.

Civil Affairs pays rent for every square foot of land taken over by the engineers, but one old French lady complained that this was not enough; the site chosen for an airstrip was the same spot where her potatoes were growing, and selling the potatoes was the only way she could make a living. The GIs of the battalion promptly dug up the potatoes and presented her with several truckloads before ploughing the field under.

Another time a farmer insisted on making an outright gift of his apple orchard to the engineers—even though their airstrip and taxiways didn't come within 100 yards of his trees.

7. This is the Hessian mat. It is a waterproof surface of layers of tar paper glued together.

8. The Hessian mat is pasted down to form a bond with the soil by a machine called a stamp licker.

9. After twelve days, the runways are completed. Now planes may land and take off in safety.

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Life in a Bomb Bay

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE ALEUTIANS—The bombs went snap snap snap as they left. We could look down into the night underfoot, and we strained to hear the splash in the sea.

When the bomb-bay doors banged shut T/Sgt. David Viers went past me, headed for the tail of the plane. He grabbed an upright and swung out around me. I tried to make myself small on the catwalk.

"What a night!" Viers yelled. "You picked a hell of a mission!"

Viers shook his head at the thought of dropping the bombs, but in a way it was appropriate that we bombed the sea. That was our enemy. We were losing altitude 300 feet a minute, four hours away from friendly land. Every man on the plane could feel the cold North Pacific lapping at the seat of his pants.

Up here, on the longest over-water bombing run in this war, you fight the sea and distance and weather and your plane, and incidentally you fight Japs.

"Open the doors!" Viers was beside me again on the catwalk, yelling close into my ear. I passed the message to the man ahead.

The bomb-bay doors banged open and the icy wind rushed up. Viers lifted a belt of .50-caliber ammunition level with his chest and dropped it straight down into the dirty gray darkness. Somebody behind kept handing him more and he kept dropping it out chest high.

Now that I knew we were losing altitude, I imagined I could feel the plane drop. When we hit an air pocket and wavered for an instant, my stomach told me we had lost 300 feet.

"I HATE this standing around and waiting," one of the crew had said while we were messing around outside the plane, waiting for take-off time. The only thing anyone had worried about then was what we would eat on the long monotonous grind to Paramushiru.

"Paramoosh," they all called it, not Paramushiru. They spoke of it almost affectionately during the briefing.

When we got in the plane the waist gunner told me, "On the take-off lean against the bulkhead and brace yourself and relax." I leaned against the bulkhead and braced myself.

We rolled down the steel-matted runway, the bumps smoothing out as we gathered speed, and it was hard to tell when we started to fly. But suddenly my stomach found out we were in the air and it caught up, with a long loop, and settled down. They brought out candy and cheese and chewing gum. On the interphone the conversations were full of "Roger!" and occasionally a Georgia voice broke in with "Rawjah!" The tail gunner stretched out across the camera hatch and closed his eyes. The rest of us looked out the gun hatches at the clouds that stretched below us like mountains, turning blue and purple in the gathering darkness.

Viers waved and yelled that things were going good and the weather was holding up. I found out he was from Tampa, Fla., and that he was the flight engineer, and that we should be over Paramushiru in three hours, at about 0130.

Now, at midnight, he was back on the catwalk in the freezing, roaring, pitch-dark bomb bay.

"Open the doors again!" he yelled, and I passed it along. Viers dropped out something that looked like cloth but sounded like metal as it whooshed down and into the slipstream and vanished.

"What was that?" I yelled.

"Flak suits. We're unloadin'. She's flyin' tail-heavy, losin' power and mushin' down. We're at 4,000 now." and once again he disappeared toward the tail.

It was my last question. Others in the crew, packed in the bomb bay with me, seemed to prefer not to know what went on. We were all cut off from interphone ever since the pilot said, "Everybody forward, out of that waist and up on the flight deck!" There wasn't room there, so the overflow was lined along the bomb-bay catwalk.

"Move up!" Viers yelled from behind me. I shoved the man in front and we all moved up, and finally I found a corner to crawl into under the flight deck, alongside the big nose wheel. I wondered what was going out next. It occurred to me that I was the least useful man aboard.

Viers dragged a machine gun in and laid it by me, and two others followed it. Then he lay on top of the guns to get close to my ear.

"We're shiftin' all weight forward," he yelled. "We turned around a while ago. We're headin' home!" I nodded. After that I lay beside the guns, watching Viers fling himself on and off the flight deck, back and forth on the catwalk, checking gauges, throwing switches, changing hoses, flashing his light all over the plane.

About 0300 he shined his light on me and yelled, "Thank God for the rain!"

"Is it raining?" I yelled, but he couldn't hear me, and the question was too silly to repeat at a shout. He said, "We had trouble with the number one, two and four motors. Cylinder head temperatures way too high. We were losin' power and our tail was draggin' and we were mushin' down fast. After we dumped and turned back we hit rain and cooled the motors."

I nodded, but he shook his head. "If we get through this night," he yelled, "I'm goin' to chapel Sunday."

LATER Viers came back and shook my foot. "Get out of here," he shouted. I got out, back on the catwalk, and Viers slid over the guns and down beside the nose wheel.

He poked my leg and yelled "Okay?" and I yelled "Okay!" up to the flight deck. I passed a dozen messages back and forth in the dark, without knowing what was going on. At last I figured out we were over our home island, circling for a landing, and the nose wheel wouldn't come down.

Viers was fighting the nose wheel by flashlight. Kelso Barnett, from Glendale, Calif., the other engineer, shoved past me to help Viers.

The wheel jerked part way as the hatch opened to receive it, letting a blast of cold air roar through the plane. Then the wheel twitched and froze.

Viers threw his hands before his face. They were dripping red, and the wrench he held was red, and his face was red, from hydraulic fluid blowing wildly in the blast from the open hatch. The wheel went up and over and down into place.

Aleutian fog, in one of its frequent whims, had closed in on the field while we were circling. We had to fly up the chain to another island base. Viers was rubbing red hydraulic fluid off his face with his handkerchief and checking gas gauges with his flashlight.

"We bled the damn line," Barnett said. "Viers got a faceful." We were back in the waist, braced against the bulkhead. "I only hope she holds when we hit!" Barnett said. The plane dragged suddenly as the flaps went down. She hit hard, bounced and settled down. We had been in the air almost nine hours.

At the transient hut most of us hit our sacks right away. Two men horsed around, mauling each other until they overturned a bed. Someone found a deck of cards. Two men were heating bouillon on the stove. They were singing, "Send some beer to the boys over here," to the tune of "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There."

Viers was writing up his report of the mission and when he finished he read it out loud. "We let down," he concluded, "at 0545 and made the field without further trouble."

"And at 0645," somebody added, "we finished washing out our underdrawers."

Viers kept dropping out the ammo belts chest high.

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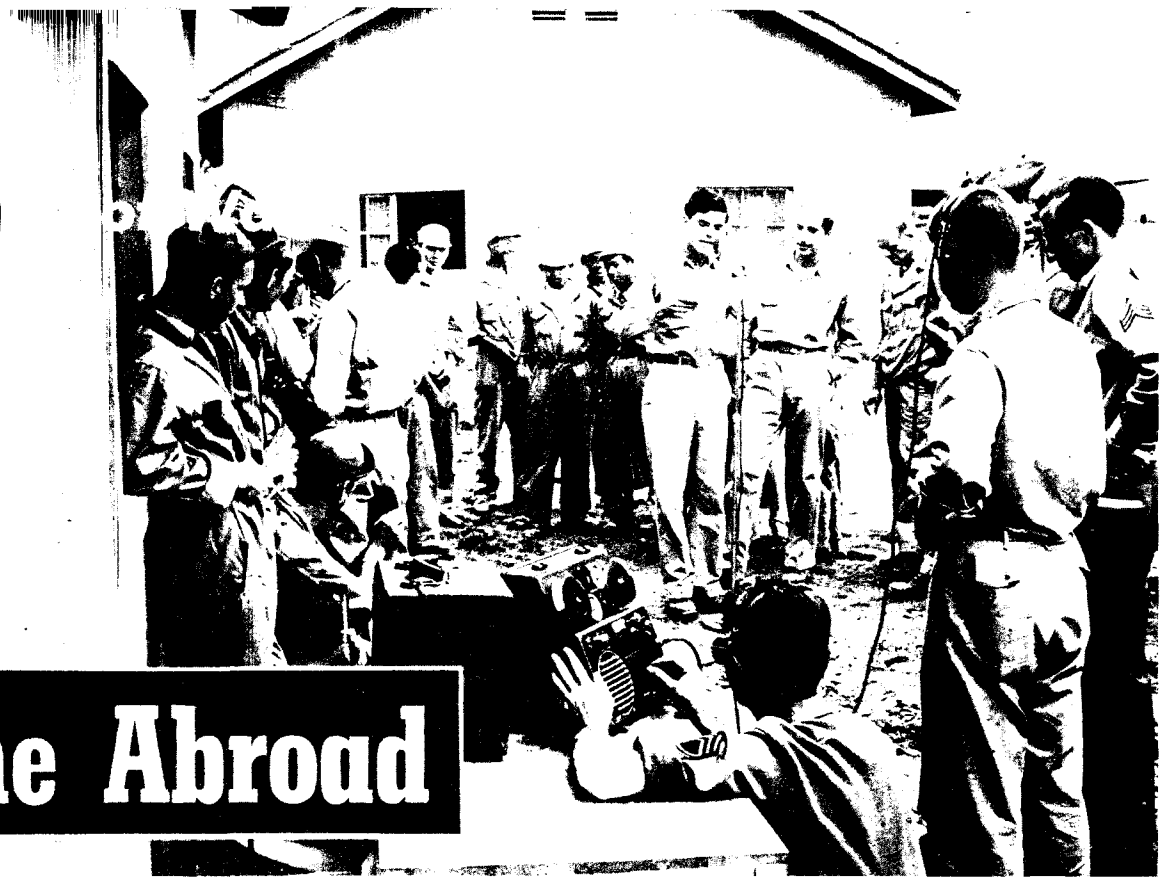
Yanks at Home Abroad

Recording the Dialog

A FORWARD B-29 BASE IN CHINA—Ten minutes before one of the B-29s in the first surprise Superfortress raid on Japan arrived over the target, the industrial city of Yawata, a crew member switched on a small machine about the size of a portable typewriter, which was hooked up with the ship's interphone system.

A three-inch spool of thin wire inside the machine began to unroll. All conversation over the interphone during the target approach and the bomb run were recorded on the wire. A week later, back in the States, home folks listening to their radios were able to hear the voices of the B-29 pilot, bombardier and other crewmen as they went about their deadly business over the big Japanese industrial center.



The radiomen go to work near a CBI operations tower to catch take-off sounds of a B-29 raid on Japan.

Most of the profanity and all reference to secret B-29 devices were edited out of the sound track. But this little spool of wire, played back over the nation's broadcasting systems, must have given the home front the real feel of the tenseness, the concentration and the prolonged effort it took to bomb Japan by sending bombers farther than bombers had ever flown before.

This achievement in radio broadcasting, using the new experimental wire recorder, was the work of the China-Burma-India Radio Team, a five-man outfit of big-time radio, movie and newsmen who for the past several months have been touring China, Burma and India, sometimes within sound and range of Jap gunfire, making recordings for use on the weekly Stateside variety broadcast that is known as "Yanks in the CBI."

Since direct broadcasting to the States from halfway around the world is still not technically practical, the next best thing for the Radio Team is recordings. These are flown back to the States via the ATC *Fireball*, making the long haul from India to Washington in four days. Up to about three months ago the Radio Team did its work with conventional discs and recording turntables. The new wire recording outfit with which it is now equipped is much more satisfactory. It is compact, portable and of high fidelity for all types of sound transcription.

1st Lt. Finis Farr of New York City, formerly author of the radio program, "Mr. District Attorney," and writer for the weekly broadcast, "The March of Time," is in charge of the outfit. He generally travels in advance of the other men, digging up suitable material and writing advance scripts. 2d Lt. Bert Parks of Atlanta, Ga., who used to announce "The Camel Caravan" and the Eddie Cantor show when he worked for Columbia and NBC, is the team's announcer and conducts most of its interviews with GIs and officers.

M/Sgt. Art Dixon of Los Angeles, Calif., handles the technical work and runs the recording apparatus. He used to be a sound technician for RKO in Hollywood. T/Sgt. John Shaffer of South Bend, Ind., is photographer, writer and technician for the team. Before he was inducted into the Army here in the CBI he was educational adviser to the government of Afghanistan, and he hasn't been home in years. Sgt. Al Sagar of Batavia, Ill., is public-relations man, writer, handyman and, as he calls himself, "low-ranking stooge" for the team. He used to be a musician, writer, artist and photographer and was a page boy for the Blue Network.

Lt. Farr thinks the new system of recording on wire is a coming thing for lovers of music in the post-war world. A whole symphony, for instance, can be recorded on one small spool of wire instead of on 12 sides of expensive breakable disc records. He foresees the peacetime day when our bulky phonograph cabinets will be replaced by a small machine, not much bigger over all than its speaker, which will play these wire spools without the interruption of record changing and with a higher fidelity than ever before known.

—Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Desert Dick Tracy

IRAN—GIs with a yen for a fling out of bounds have learned that it takes more than a coolie hat and white sheets to fool Pvt. Nick Casella of Philadelphia, Pa., who is fast earning a reputation as the Dick Tracy of the desert MPs.

Nick knows native habits like an infantryman knows the bottom of his feet. Thus, when GIs disguise themselves as natives and go out for an unauthorized stroll, they'd better carry their heads as though they were balancing a jug, or the jug is where they will find themselves.

That is only one trick of Nick's trade. Nick is not a remorseless man hunter with a bloodhound's heart; he has been known to give more than one guy a break. But he is no man to fall for a phony wig.

At the port of Khorramshahr, a maritime seaman under Army police jurisdiction tried to dodge Nick by ducking into a native latrine. He crossed the entrance, right foot first. Nick knew that Mohammedans enter holy places with the right foot first, and even in the politest circles a latrine doesn't rate in that class. The seaman went to the guardhouse.

Nick has collared a man because he brushed the flies from his face. Wandering GIs have trouble remembering that natives usually let flies crawl unmolested.

At the desert post of Ahwaz there was a soldier who had escaped the MPs many times. He had mastered the native language. He, too, had studied native habits. He was a sharp gent.

Nick went on the trail. One night he approached several figures gathered around a fire. As they talked they poured tea from a samovar. It was a cozy scene, but Nick was a mite suspicious. He watched with a cold eye. Everything unfolded according to native ritual. Then *chipatees* (native bread) were passed around. Immediately Nick leaped out and seized a man who was dressed like a Persian woman. Nick hustled the impersonator off to jail. It was the long-sought quarry. The GI had given himself away by taking a hasty bite and then swallowing. Nick saw that the other members of the group had first rolled the food to the side of their mouths with their right hands according to Moslem etiquette and then had eaten.

A few table manners, Nick pointed out, never hurt anyone.

—Cpl. RALPH VIGGERS
YANK Field Correspondent

This Week's Cover

SOON after he landed in Southeastern France with the 36th Division, YANK's Sgt. George Aarons was hailed by a group of men who yelled, "Hey, will you take our picture?" Sgt. Aarons obliged and the result was this unusual tintype of a group of fighting men from a Tank Destroyer outfit.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2—Lower right, PA; others, Acme. 3—PA. 4—INP. 5—Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 7—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 8 & 9—Sgt. Bill Young. 11—Acme. 12—Sgt. Steve Derry. 13—Mediterranean Allied Air Forces. 18—Upper left, PRO, DeRidder AAB, La.; upper right, Signal Corps; lower, 11th Armored Division. 19—Upper, Photo Section, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; center, U. S. Army; lower left, PRO, Douglas AAF, Ariz.; lower right, 10th Armored Division. 20—Monogram Pictures. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Sgt. Dick Hanley.

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When the Japs Held Guam

Natives describe their two and a half years in the Emperor's East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUAM—For the first time in Pacific warfare American marines and soldiers on this island are seeing the jubilation of an intelligent, educated people liberated from enemy rule.

"I've been through three campaigns," a marine sergeant said on Saipan as he looked through a picture magazine showing Yank troops entering a liberated city in Europe, "and I'll be goddam if anybody ever threw a flower in *my* jeep or gave *me* a drink of wine."

Earlier Pacific actions took place on atolls and islands populated by a few grass-skirted natives who accepted American occupation as a change for the better—more food, more cigarettes, less work. But they had no understanding of the background and causes of the war. Here on Guam, however, events are taking place which impress the GIs, no matter how common such actions may have become in campaigns on the other side of the world.

A civilian photographer who has seen more Pacific action than most servicemen watched Chamorros enter the American lines, the women in their ragged best in honor of the troops and all of them smiling and trying to shake the hand of every American they saw.

"I didn't have anything to do with rescuing these people," he said. "I'm just a goddam spectator here, but I was so proud to be wearing an American uniform I damned near busted."

Even the sight of their wrecked homes failed to depress the Chamorros, and there are few buildings standing following the destructive American pre-invasion bombardments.

"We don't care about that," said Mrs. Agueda Johnston, principal of Agana's George Washington High School. "The only thing that matters is the return of you Americans."

Mrs. Johnston is an attractive Chamorro woman who heads the island's Red Cross chapter. She stood outside a tent in a camp which temporarily housed some 7,000 natives, distributing cloth so ragged refugees could make new clothes. Many years before, an American marine named William G. Johnston finished his hitch in the corps, decided not to return to his home town of Franklin, Tenn. He married Agueda and remained in Guam.

Because he was an American, he was shipped to a concentration camp in Japan shortly after the enemy overran the small American garrison in December 1941. A year later the family was notified by the Japs that Johnston had died in the camp, the family's only casualty of the war.

Now members of the family are busy gathering their possessions from the several houses in which they lived during the Jap occupation, moving from one to another as the Japs confiscated land and buildings.

War began for them the morning of Dec. 8, 1941, when nine Jap planes appeared and bombed the island, killing two American officers. One was Ens. R. G. White of Kentucky. White and Marian Johnston, 21-year-old belle of Agana, had had a date the preceding Saturday night.

"He couldn't tell me what he knew then," Marian said, "but he gave me some of his papers to keep safe, so I knew something was wrong."

Another Chamorro girl, also attractive and not entirely unresponsive to the advances of Jap officers, said of Marian, "When her boy friend was killed she said she never could go out with the people who had done that thing. She never did, even though she is very beautiful and Jap officers were around her house all the time."

Life continued almost normally after the occupation, with the Japs attempting to make friends of the Chamorros.

"They were very correct," said Herbert, slim, black-haired brother of Marian, who was a clerk in the Public Works Department when the Japs arrived. "They issued a proclamation saying they had come to protect us and save us from enslavement by the white race and the American devils by taking us into the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

"Prosperity," Herbert smiled. He drew a sealed envelope from his pocket. "Go ahead and open it. I never wanted to, but it's okay now."

On the front of the envelope was written, "Pay for three days work. Mr. H. Johnston. 6 yen," and on the back, "East Asia Institute, Tokyo," and the indecipherable signatures of two Japs.

"The Japs forced everyone to work," added Tom, another brother. "Men worked on the airstrips and military installations while the women and children farmed."

It wasn't until February 1944 that the Nips began to rush Guam's defenses. A new, larger garrison arrived and all residents of Agana, Guam's capital city, were made to move to the country as news was heard that a powerful American transport fleet was en route.

Herbert believes that the alarm was caused by the task force which later captured Eniwetok.

"We kept up with the outside world by radio," he said. "The first rule the Japs made was that all radios must be turned in, but many were hidden and news of the war was passed from one to another."

KGEI, San Francisco, was the station most often tuned in, and William Winter the most popular commentator.

When the Japs first arrived, Marian closed up her beauty shop in Agana, but soon was forced to reopen. Her clientele was limited to "the girls who were serving the Jap army." There were some 200 of these, she said, many of them Chamorros who "were forced to."

Marian herself usually kept a bandage around her throat, and coughed loudly when Japs visited the house. This gave them the impression that she had tuberculosis. Her mother, who was operated on for appendicitis by a Jap doctor, obtained from him certificates of poor health, making it unnecessary for them to work in the fields.

After the arrival of the large Jap garrison, the Johnstons moved from their Spanish-type house in downtown Agana, opposite the family-owned Gaiety Theater and next door to the rambling mansion of Pedro Martinez, whose ice plant and many other enterprises made him the island's tycoon.

"What with Marian giving permanent waves and the rest of the family making soap, we were just getting a few yen ahead when we moved to the ranch," said Herbert.

Cynthia, another sister, had married into the Torres family, owners of Guam's largest ranch, and it was to this area, in the hills northeast of Agana, that the Johnstons moved. Material for the house the boys built was brought from Agana by bullock cart, as were the rest of the family's possessions, including an upright piano.

"We were lucky for a while," said Herbert. "Then the Japs began to visit us. They are great visitors, those people. They came and sat down and would sit for hours without saying a word, just sitting and smiling. Almost always they stayed through mealtime and ate with us. Many of them spoke English—one officer told me that was required for a commission—but even some who could chose not to speak it.

"All of us had to salute every Jap we met. Not just the military, but the lowest Jap civilian laborer also. If we didn't hold our arms stiff at our sides and bow deeply we would be slapped."

When the Japs said they wanted to farm two acres of land surrounding their house, the Johnstons knew it was time to move again. Food was becoming a problem to the invaders—American submarines had disrupted their lines of supply—and the Japs planted all available ground.

"We knew what would happen," said Tom. "The Japs usually drew a line through a field and said they would take everything on one side of the line. Then they took it all."

Despite periodic checks by the enemy on the amount of food each farm should produce, the Chamorros were able to hold out a considerable amount of their crops.

So the Johnstons built another house, a mile deeper into the interior, and moved again.

"When we heard that the Marshalls had been taken by America I slowed up my farming," said Herbert. "I knew they would be here soon."

He watched the American raids on Jap installations, early sporadic attacks prior to the start of the intense, pre-invasion pounding.

"The heavy raids began about June 11," said

Marian Johnston, daughter of a Yank ex-marine and a Chamorro woman, had no truck with occupying Japs.

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Mrs. Johnston, "and we were very disappointed when you Americans didn't land immediately. Then the Jap teachers gave lectures which everyone had to attend. They told us that the American Navy was defeated and that the 'mothers of the airplanes' had been sunk. But we were happy because we had learned how to read the Jap propaganda. If they told us 100 American planes were shot down and only five Japs we would reverse the figures."

When the heavy strikes and shelling did begin, only a few Chamorros, those who were forced to work on Jap military installations, were killed. The rest were in the hills.

"At 5 A.M. one day—I think it was June 11—we were told to be at Ylig Bay, six miles away on the east side of the island, by midnight," Marian said. "We left at 4 P.M. and walked until 11, carrying our clothes and food. It was a horrible procession. Thousands of people, lots of them old or sick, were stumbling along a road in the dark."

Once at the designated area, Jap guards instructed them to build grass shacks and prepare to remain there indefinitely.

"First we ate the food we had brought with us," said Herbert. "Then we slaughtered our work animals and ate them. Finally the Japs gave each of us a handful of rice a day."

American attacks became heavier, but the natives in their camp on the opposite side of the island from the beachheads, still didn't know that landings had been made. Most of the Japs moved out, leaving only a few to guard the camp, and the more venturesome Chamorro youths made stealthy patrols through the hills in an effort to get information.

"Sometimes they would return and tell us Americans had landed, but we had heard that so often in the past two years that we didn't believe it," said Marian. "We finally were convinced when some of the boys came back to camp with Lucky Strike and Chesterfield cigarettes. We knew then that it was true."

ONE night two American soldiers were seen a short distance away, and the few remaining Jap guards sneaked off in the darkness to join the main body of Jap troops. Next day units of the 77th Army Division arrived and the Chamorros greeted them joyfully and began their last trek, over the mountains again to camps established near the beachheads by the Civil Affairs group which landed with the Army and Marines.

Mrs. Johnston resumed her Red Cross work, Tom moved to their last ranch house to guard their belongings stored there, for the Americans are "great souvenir hunters," he says.

"Let them have any souvenirs they wish," Mrs. Johnston broke in sharply. "They have driven the Jap away."

Cynthia and her husband have returned to their wrecked house on the cliff overlooking Agana, while Mrs. Johnston and the rest of the family remain at the camp to help their people.

Two other Johnston children are presumably in the United States. Margaret, the oldest, married a pharmacist's mate and moved to Baltimore where her husband left the Navy and joined the city fire department. Joseph is a steward's mate in the Navy.

Marian and her girl friend, Elsie DeLeon, spend much of their time looking at the wreckage of their island. Their Agana homes are demolished, and nothing is left of the beauty shop but foot-high concrete foundation blocks. Churches are bare walls enclosing piles of rubble and the Elks' Club, where once the best parties and dances were held, is a staircase fringed with corrugated metal sheets bent double and hanging like wash on the bannister. Mr. Johnston, the children point out, was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the order.

Elsie, who was a school teacher prior to the Jap occupation, has thought for two years that her sister, Dolores was dead. A few days before the war Dolores, a nurse, left Guam to take two patients to the Philippines, and the DeLeons' last word was that she had sailed from Manila bound for Guam on Dec. 5. The family was sure she was at best a Jap prisoner until Chamorros who landed with the assault forces brought word that she is working as a nurse at Mare Island Navy Yard in California.

"Why shouldn't we be happy," Mrs. Johnston says, expressing the Chamorros' feelings. "Our homes are gone, but so are the Japs."

MRS. AGUEDA (WILLIAM G.) JOHNSTON DISTRIBUTES RED CROSS SUPPLIES AMONG DESTITUTE CHAMORROS.

MARIAN AND HER BROTHER HERBERT LOOK OVER THE RUINS OF THEIR SHATTERED FAMILY HOUSE IN AGANA.

WITH ANOTHER BROTHER TOM, MARIAN CARRIES CLOTHES FROM THEIR RANCH TO THE U. S.-OPERATED CAMP.

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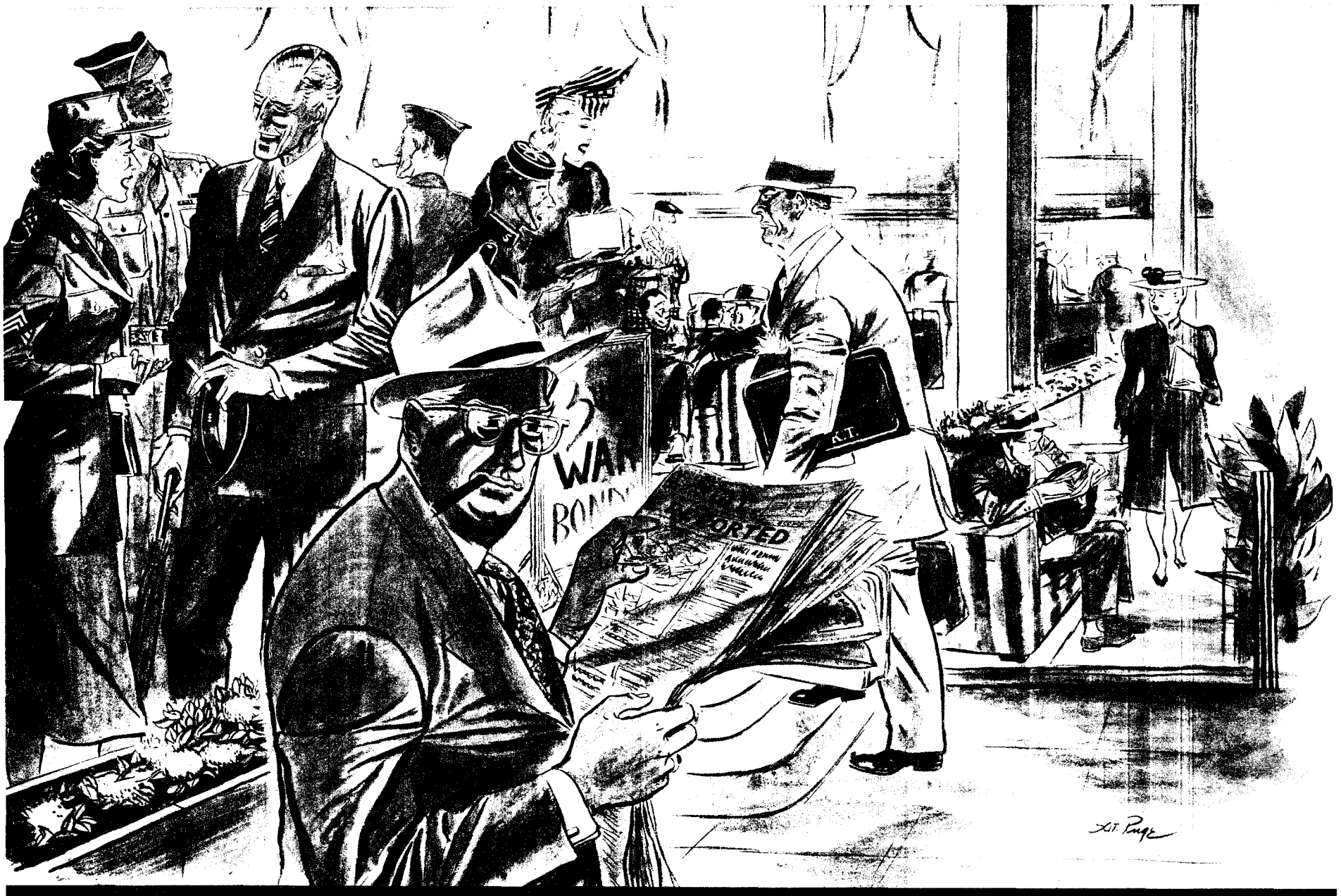

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The capital hasn't really changed much in two years. It's still overcrowded, expensive and lousy with strictly inside information.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A lot of people will tell you Washington has been changed beyond recognition by the war. They're the ones who haven't been away from it.

Seeing it for the first time after almost two years, it seemed to me almost exactly the same.

Union Station was jammed — officials say 150,000 to 170,000 people pass through it every day, coming and going—but, then, it always has been hurried and crowded. GIs stood six deep in front of all the ticket windows; there were a platoon of RAF pilots and a Russian captain washing up in the men's room, and a New Zealand brigadier was buying a Wac corporal a drink at the bar.

But the taxi stand was no more packed than I remembered it, and there were plenty of Diamond cabs. Diamond still has the monopoly.

The dispatcher jammed me into the front seat of one that was going in my general direction, alongside a Signal Corps lieutenant colonel. In the back seat were three Waves, all mildly pretty, and a young man with a limp wearing a discharge button in the coat lapel of his blue serge suit.

"See you been in the Pacific, sarge," said the driver, glancing at my Asiatic-Pacific ribbon. "Well, the war out there will be over by 1945. I know. I wouldn't want to mention any names, but I had a very high War Department official in here the other night, sitting right where that young lady is"—he indicated one of the Waves, a blonde—"and he said the war in Europe will be over Oct. 26, and it will take a little less than a year to clean up the Japs."

"Isn't that wonderful," commented the Wave who was sitting where the WD official had sat.

By the time we got to the place I wanted to get off, the driver was explaining to the lieutenant colonel exactly what Joe had said to Winnie at Teheran.

But that was nothing new. Washington taxi drivers have always known everything about everything. The price was still 20 cents—wholesale. Fares start at 30 cents if you're alone, but it's almost always necessary to adopt the share-a-cab plan.

Physically, the town looks just about the same —the Lincoln Memorial towering over the Mall, the new Jefferson Memorial, now completed, just across the way, the Capitol dome towering over everything, and lower Pennsylvania Avenue still dark and dirty, maybe a little more so than before. The White House needs a new coat of paint, but you can now stroll along the walk in front just as you could before the war. There are no more GIs on guard, only uniformed police.

Of course, getting a fair date while you're in town is no problem. A Canadian newspaperman recently discovered that, judging from ration-book requests, there are 82,000 single girls of what he called the "right marrying age" of 20 to 24 in town, and only 26,000 men of the same age. Therefore, he concluded, a girl has only about a 30-percent chance of getting a husband —or, for that matter, a date.

But, of course, there are always lots of GIs in town to raise the male quota—some coming home from overseas and quite a few wounded men from Walter Reed and from the Navy medical center out near Bethesda, Md.

But there are plenty of eager "government girls" just about anywhere in town—in restaurants, in bars, in the lobbies of the not-too-swank hotels. It's better to take along a pal or two; you'll usually see the girls in pairs or trios.

What to do once you get a date is no problem. The night clubs are always crowded, but head waiters—along with most other Washingtonians —can always find an extra place for a GI.

Glen Echo Park is still open; there's swimming in the Crystal Pool in the afternoon and dancing in the ballroom in the evening. Alexander Smallens is conducting the Watergate concerts; the National Theater still offers the only New York stage plays in town, but it's usually sold out ahead of time.

The Gayety burlesque house—the spot where you used to see Supreme Court Justices sitting next to cabinet makers—has been redecorated a little.

But otherwise Ninth Street, especially between F and I, has the same honky-tonk atmosphere as ever and still seems to be about the most popular section of town with GIs. Tattooing is still done for a dollar a design; you can still have your picture taken while you wait; pinball machines are everywhere, and you can get six shots for 50 cents at most of the galleries, with a chance at a cash jackpot.

A lot of GIs seem to take their dates for a stroll through the Capitol grounds in the evening, and some, as always, sit on the banks of the Potomac or stroll along the Mall.

The over-friendly young women who stand in the shadows on darkened street corners don't

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seem to be very numerous, possibly because of the recent Hopkins Institute scandal when it was revealed in court that the masseurs of the "massage emporium" were selling their services for the night at $75 or $100.

The case seemed to create quite a stir here, especially when one of the girls said that she had the names of the best known customers in a little black book. But, somehow, the book was never introduced in open court, and the U. S. senator and "well known" newspaper publisher whose names were said to be there are still unknown.

It's said that some of the Hopkins girls got jobs as waitresses, which would seem entirely possible since almost every restaurant in town—except for the more expensive places like Harvey's, O'Donnell's and the Occidental—has huge signs on its windows begging for waitresses, promising high pay, pointing out that no experience is necessary and, wherever possible, that the place is air-conditioned, apparently for the comfort of the employees.

The shortage of help is general, and, as in many places back home, women are doing work like collecting tickets on streetcars, driving busses and trucks and janitoring.

Washingtonians claim that it's impossible to get laundry done, and GIs stationed here say that it takes from 10 days to three weeks to get a uniform cleaned and pressed.

The town, incidentally, is still pretty GI, and occasionally the MPs start picking up EM who don't salute rank or who are wearing gabardine uniforms or have gravy spots on their ties.

THE Navy Building, which was a temporary structure in the last war, still looks as if it might be torn down any day, although its appearance is considerably brightened by the large number of Waves, mostly enlisted women, who've replaced male yeomen.

The Pentagon, just across the Potomac in Arlington County, is the most imposing new building around. It's the source of hundreds of Washington jokes, like the one about the boy who went in as a Western Union messenger and came out a lieutenant colonel. And the messenger who rides one of the Pentagon tricycles down the corridors in riding breeches, boots and spurs. And about the alleged St. Bernards with bottles of brandy tied to their necks who rescue lost colonels who don't know how to use a compass.

Actually it's quite simple to find your way around the miles of corridors if you know, before you start out, where you're going and follow the signs. An attractive civilian girl at the information desk will give you a small map, marking the corridor, hall and room you want. But you have to make an appointment in advance to see most people.

The Pentagon has eight cafeterias, two dining rooms, 10 beverage bars—soft drinks only—and a large circular luncheon bar outside in the center. Inside it's air-conditioned, and there is a book store, a small department store, a drug store, a large barber shop and a huge newsstand. And all the latrines are for both EM and officers.

Except for the Pentagon, the most impressive new building in Washington is the swank modernistic Statler Hotel at 16th and K. The Statler has thick, luxurious carpets and is expensive. Naturally you don't see many GIs around. For one thing, most of the service troops at the Pentagon have had their rations and quarters revoked and are moving into Fort Myers—to relieve the congestion in restaurants, it's said unofficially. Anyway, a drink and dinner for yourself and a date in the Statler's Embassy Room will likely set you back around $16.

There are plenty of cheaper places to eat and drink, but Washington is still the most expensive city in the U. S. to live in or visit. For that matter, it always has been.

Just now the talk about the November election is bitter, heated and long-winded, and everybody has his own swivel-chair theory about when and how the war will end, too.

When I got in a taxi to go back to Union Station, another driver looked at my service ribbon and said, "Must be a pretty tough fight out there. That war's going to last a long time.

"I know. I had a lieutenant general in here the other night, and he told me the war in the Pacific won't be over for at least three years. Probably last another year in Europe, too.

"Long way to go yet."

You pays your fare, and you takes your choice

G

By [illegible]
CAMP [illegible]

"W[illegible] had a [illegible] to the [illegible] ship. Back in Brazil [illegible] going to the latrine would enter a cubicle that had a door to insure privacy. It was very difficult on the ship for the men, just sitting there looking at each other. But they're getting used to it."

The officer spoke for his men, and it was the primary complaint registered in behalf of Brazilian troops attached to the Allied Fifth Army. The Brazilians make up the first Latin-American outfit to fight Hitler in his own ring.

Their recent landing in Naples came two years after throngs of students and civilians milled about in the streets of Sao Paulo, begging for a chance to get even for the dirty blows struck at sea by the Axis.

The troops in Italy were the advance portion of the green-clad South American army that shipped overseas with the bitter memory of Hitler's early U-boats that destroyed so many ships and took so many Brazilian lives at the outbreak of war.

"The Brazilian army has developed amazingly in one year both in size and efficiency, and its striking power is great," said Vice Adm. Jonas H. Ingram, commanding the U. S. South Atlantic Fleet. He made the statement a year after Brazil had begun her mobilization and during the time the republic was preparing for retaliation. Brazil declared war on Germany and Italy on Aug. 22, 1942, but was fighting only near her coast line with a small navy. Her quick response to the Allied side at the war's outbreak provided the U. S. with bomber bases and supply stations such as the American base at Natal, the supply point from which troops in Africa were serviced.

Brazil had a lot to offer the United Nations at that time but her military strength and equipment had to await a period of reconstruction. The small navy did a rough job on German submarines that harassed her ports and took the lives of 1,000 persons in a matter of months after the Nazis struck. Twenty of her merchant ships were blasted to the bottom and Sao Paulo's population rose to do something about it. On Aug. 16, 1942, they filled the city's streets and begged President Getulio Vargas to declare war.

There are Brazilian soldiers now in Naples who were in that angered crowd.

The Brazilian trooper smokes a black cigar or cigarette because "Chesterfields taste like perfume" and he is ready for just about any kind of battle condition. His size belies the rugged physique he acquired in the jungles of his homeland. Others might call his jungles impassable but he trained in them. The Brazilian soldier is rated among the best of Allied infantry units.

While they are waiting for equipment and supplies to catch up with them the Brazilians are attracting a good deal of attention as the guys [illegible] navy [illegible] combine [illegible] The trunks [illegible] white drawstring.

The two types of Brazilian uniforms vary in shade, but the color is always green. Everything is green. Web belts and packs are green. Blankets are green. Even the GI soap is green. The dress uniform is green and is similar to the German ground trooper's suit.

The cap is like the German "forage" type and is worn square on the head. Shoes are black and it is not uncommon to see holes cut in them to give freedom to a troublesome bunion or corn. So long as the Brazilian can have those holes, he's a good foot soldier who does from 9 to 14 miles a day in training. There are even cases where the men are wearing shoes regularly for the first time in their lives. Many of the soldiers come from jungle territories and look somewhat uneasy with an M1, but these backwoodsmen learned about rifles quickly and they fit in well with their more sophisticated countrymen.

Every type of South American racial strain is represented. This gives a squad the appearance of a capsule League of Nations except that there are no blonds.

THERE are no pfcs in the Brazilian army. You are either one of the three classes of sergeants or you are something that's translated to mean "dustfoot." Enlisted men salute each other and the dustfoot is a weary-armed guy in garrison.

When a Brazilian GI is called out from a formation, he is called by an assigned number and not by name.

He spends a lot of time scrubbing his clothes against a tree trunk, pressing his uniform and cleaning his equipment. He is extraordinary in another way, too. Usually he bucks for KP duty. It wouldn't drive him to the chaplain if you assigned him permanently to KP because by tradition the KPs, called *rancheiros*, get their pick of the food plus a little added share. The Brazilian is not fussy about his GI chow. Most of the meals consist of his favorite black beans and rice, and you can satisfy him in the morning with a breakfast of just bread and coffee.

He's a fast learner. S/Sgt. Dilbert D. Avey of Queens, Ky., one of the Yank advisers in motor maintenance and driving, swears that even the guys who only a couple years ago were hacking their way through native jungle and who had driven nothing more streamlined than an oxcart have quickly picked up knowledge of motors.

When the Brazilian troop ship passed through the Straits of Gibraltar the commanding officer said: "Our two nations, colonized and made strong by European civilization, are now those of the Western Hemisphere most concerned with the defense of our precious heritage of freedom and human rights—not alone in the Americas but . . . on the battlefields of Europe."

Troops from the 1st Division, Brazilian Expeditionary Forces, march through the streets of Naples. Their green uniforms with high buttoned collars differ from those worn by other soldiers of the United Nations.

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A NATIVE GROOM FROM THE GI STABLES WHIPS THIS AMERICAN ENTRY INTO THE FRAY.

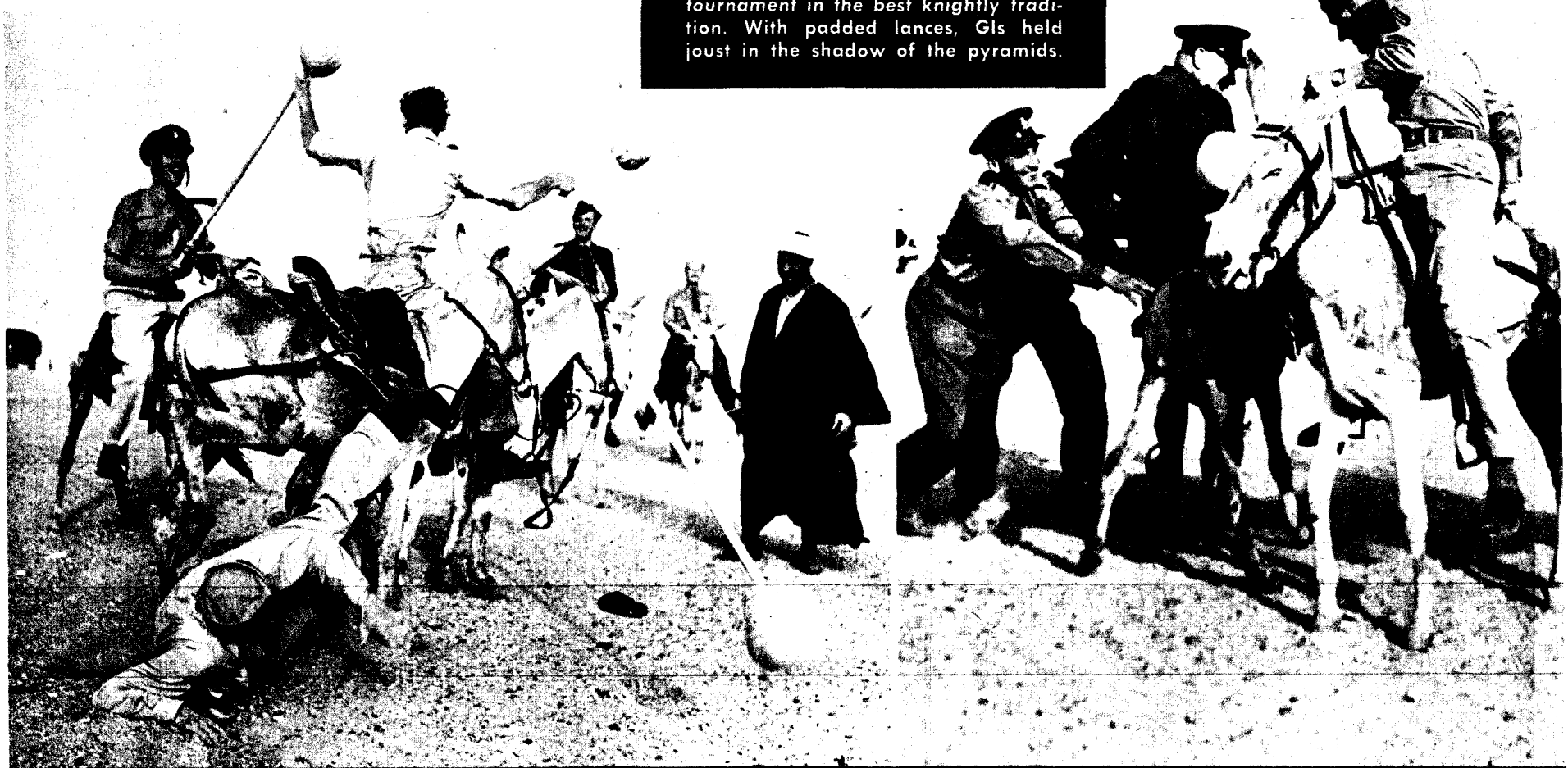
FIRST BLOOD TO THIS YANK. HE TIPS A BRITISH MAJOR OFF HIS DONKEY, INTO DUS

In EGYPT

GI HO

MAJOR, JOUSTING WITH CORPORAL, IS GOING TO BE SURPRISED.

THE horseplay in Egypt is on donkeyback. Yanks and British scoured the donkey marts of Cairo and got together enough mounts to stage a *tournament in the best knightly tradition.* With padded lances, GIs held joust in the shadow of the pyramids.



THINGS GET A BIT CONFUSED NOW AND THEN. ESPECIALLY FOR THE SOLDIER ON THE GROUND.

HALF OFF HIS ASS, THIS BRITISH OFFICER IS RESCUED BY A FRIEND.

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HOT DOGS ARE A REAL HOMESIDE TOUCH. WHERE THE GI GOT THE FANCY CHAPS IS ANYBODY'S GUESS.

In ITALY

CHARIOT-RACE CABS WERE MADE OUT OF SALVAGED PLANE PARTS.

ITALY went to the Wild West for its horseplay. When the 15th Air Force staged a rodeo, GIs came from the fighting fronts in the north and from the southern supply zones to try their skill. The three-day show included everything from races to bronc busting.

BRONCS BUCK IN ITALY AS WELL AS IN CHEYENNE. ASK THIS GI RIDER.

WAC PVT. DOROTHY WOOD, AN ARIZONA GIRL WHO KNOWS HER HORSES, WAS QUEEN OF RODEO.

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MAIL CALL

GI Plutocrats

Dear YANK:

A few nights ago we heard a little item over the radio which purported to show that GIs at $50 a month had as great an annual income as civilians who make $3,600 a year....

The story went on to say that a soldier, sailor or marine of the 7th pay grade could save $450 a year, while the $3,600-a-year man could not. Civilians may swallow this hooey but I certainly cannot....

I haven't seen a complete breakdown of the figures, but I am sure I can guess how it would go. Civilian food $30 a week, rent $20 a week, clothes $10 a week, taxes $20 a week, doctor's bills, etc., etc.—until nothing is left of the poor civilian's income....

The flaw in this argument is easily seen by anyone in service. At the end of a hard day the civilian sits in his overstuffed chair and relaxes by listening to the radio. At the same moment the GI is scrubbing floors, doing KP, cleaning guns or slapping mosquitoes, anywheres from Italy to New Guinea....

The civilian is probably feeling very contented after a dinner of steak, French fries, pudding, salad and pie. Maybe rationing has cut out the steak and he has to get by with ham and eggs, but—take a look at the GI who just finished a meal of powdered eggs, powdered milk, dehydrated spuds and canned corned beef.

...I won't even mention civilian clothing (tweeds, slacks, sports shirts and double breasted suits are only things to dream about so far as we're concerned).

In addition I can't overlook such things as long week ends in the country, days at the track or evenings at night clubs either. What GI can afford those on $50 a month?

...I'll believe the private is as well off when I see the $3,600-a-year men clamoring to join the Army for a place to eat and sleep. Until then I'm from Missouri.

Trinidad —T/Sgt. LYNN H. ROSENTIEL

Fighting Infantry

Dear YANK:

We've just returned to a rest area after a spell of patrols, outposts and foxhole living conditions. After a much-needed bath followed by a change of clothing, we picked up our latest issue of YANK.

First, allow us to register a vote of approval and our heartiest thanks to Sgt. John Geninatti for his letter applauding the efforts of the infantryman.

We of the infantry are not asking for or expecting favors that aren't available to other branches. I think that the boys of this outfit realize, perhaps more than those in other branches, how important each is to the other. The added ratings which Congress has given our branch of the service are certainly appreciated.

But we assure you, if it were possible to trade it all for a good eight hours' sleep each night, a daily bath, and, above all, an opportunity to fight the Japs on an open field, we would gladly jump at the chance.

Bougainville —Pfc. JAMES W. CARR*

*Also signed by S/Sgts. Paul Warmuth, Frank Wechner, Nich Zahary, T. Simmonowski, Pfcs. Wilson Hawk, Jack Muzzy and Verdi Rasmussen.

Pin-Ups for Morale

Dear YANK:

Just where does Pfc. Joseph H. Saling get the idea that YANK should stop its pin-up girls? There are quite a few GIs thousands of miles from home who enjoy YANK and its pin-ups of American girls. After 10 or 15 hours of work every day it is good to find a few pin-ups of the most beautiful women on earth hanging on our barracks walls.

I'm married and have a darling wife whose picture is on the table beside my bed. In addition, I carry a couple of her pictures in my billfold. But I am sure our wives and sweethearts wouldn't begrudge our having a few pin-ups.

China —Pfc. JESSE C. GRIM

Those Dextrose Tablets

Dear YANK:

We here in France would like to see something done about the infamous malted milk and dextrose tablets found in our K rations. We can give the French almost anything and they will accept it but those tablets; they won't eat them. From hedgerow to hedgerow, from foxhole to foxhole, discarded dextrose tablets fairly litter the earth....They are just a waste of time and money since only about 2 percent of our boys eat them. We've been hungry enough at times to munch on the box but never, never the tablets.

France —Pfc. HARRY MOORE

Replacing Wacs

Dear YANK:

Methinks I've been misled by YANK and the daily press regarding the purpose of the WAC. I'm in a little detachment of some 17 weather observers. Six of the observers are Wacs. Of the remaining 11 of us, only one is in limited service. Yet we GIs have the unenviable position of relieving Wacs for active duty. Overseas volunteers were requested by our regional office but such volunteers were restricted to WAC personnel!

Hell, both male and female soldiers in our outfit are competent to handle any kind of observers' work thrown at us. What kind of a deal is this? Every last GI here would give his right arm to get across and help get this war successfully concluded. But no, we're to hang around in the States whilst Wacs go overseas!

AAF, Casper, Wyo. —Pvt. ART GREENSTEIN

Pay and Bonuses

Dear YANK:

I read that statement by T-3 Roger H. Garrison in one of your recent editions opposing a bonus for servicemen. Where does he get off with that stuff?

I've been in the hospital now for almost two months. I was hit in France and lost my left eye. In civilian life I was a truck driver. Now you can guess how much chance I have of getting a job driving a truck.

...Up to now I haven't complained because I figured the government would take care of me by giving me a decent bonus when I go back to civilian life. Now, if guys like Garrison have their way, we'll get a couple of hundred bucks and have to start selling apples.

For your information, I'd like to point out that while I lost an eye I still feel I was very lucky compared with other guys over here. The only thing that will help any of us is a decent-sized bonus.

Britain —Pvt. A. CARSON

Dear YANK:

...Whenever a bill is passed for an increase in pay it is drawn up exclusive of airborne troops because of alleged high pay. What about the non-jumpers in the Parachute Infantry?

We are still "young overseas vets" but we have seen action in Sicily and Italy right up to the Anzio beachhead. The non-jumpers, while not necessarily having taken part in actual combat, have constantly been right at the front with the troops.

We have handled the job of driving, cooking and supply or other minor, yet necessary, jobs. We don't want, any more than anyone else, to deprive the Paratroops of everything coming to them, but we think we, too, deserve a break. Shouldn't we also get some extra money?

Britain —Pvt. SYDNEY J. REDBURN

Dear YANK:

I understand that officers, when they are discharged from the Army, get a nice hunk of change in the form of terminal leave. As I get it they are paid for all the annual leave they have not taken while in service.

Many GIs, because of matters beyond the Army's or their own control, are not given or cannot take advantage of normal furlough-time allowances. That being so, why not pass a law letting GIs accumulate furlough time they can't get now, so that they, too, can get it back in cash when they are discharged?

Hawaii —Cpl. HAROLD DALTON

Dear YANK:

We, a group of Airborne (glider) Engineers have just read Pvt. Leo Delcambre's wailing letter in a recent issue of YANK. He seems to think that the most manly act that can be performed is to jump with a parachute. Hell, we don't even have parachutes.

I presume he has never landed in the middle of Burma on a Jap-held airstrip wedged in a glider with a bulldozer or grader in his lap at 90 mph. So the poor boy had to spend five long days and nights with no protection but those parachutes wrapped around him? Too bad. Our last and present mission has already passed nine weeks.

Rather than give glider troops $50 more, take it away from the Paratroopers and Air Corps and give it to the footborne Infantry.

India —Cpl. J. T. MORRIS*

*Also signed by Sgts. J. A. Boris, J. J. Wiegand, H. F. Ford and Cpl. J. S. Fox.

Rangers

Dear YANK:

Your feature on the Rangers was to my way of thinking one of the nicest bits of work I have seen in a long time. It was good, exact, clear and entertaining....

Camp Butner, N. C. —Capt. JAMES J. LAVIN

Dear YANK:

...There must be many more outfits like the Rangers who are now in the U. S. taking a break. How about some stories about them?

Camp Cooke, Calif. —T-5 ART HAMILTON

Dear YANK:

Your story on the Rangers seemed to imply that all of the men in the 4th Rangers were now back in the States. That is not so. There are still some of us left over here in Italy.

As as matter of fact we've seen a lot of action since the others went home. I myself have been wounded twice since then, as have others in the old outfit. There are some of us who didn't get home who deserve some credit, too.

Italy —Pvt. JOHN R. CADDY*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. C. J. Calkins and Pfc. M. J. Firland.

"Fifty Missions"

Dear YANK:

I read in a recent issue of YANK a letter concerning my short story, "Fifty Missions." The writer of the letter states flatly that it is the worst piece of tripe that has ever appeared in YANK.

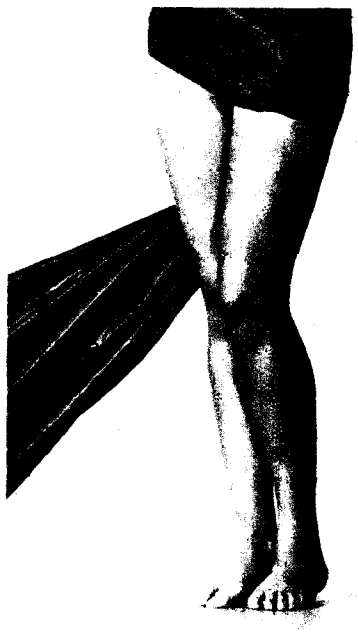
My prose is tripe, he thinks, because the true and beautiful lovers in the story reached no conventional fulfillment of their love. If I may be so crude and elemental as to say it, they did not sleep together in a four-poster bed. They only made love with their immortal souls.

This, the frank objector claims, is perverse and definitely damaging to the morale of soldiers, who are mindful always of the girls they left behind them.

In a sense, I am not above the accusation. I am a raw apprentice and much that I write is, I suppose, tripe or taffy or corn. But I do wish that the good name-caller would consider this one distinction:

A piece of beautiful writing does not have to send the shopgirls or the GIs home with a merry heart and the granite conviction that all's right with the world. All is not right with the world, even though God is in His heaven, and no guys know that better than our own GIs.

Laredo AAF, Tex. —Pvt. JOE DEVER



Hayworth's Legs?

Dear YANK:

I saw your recent pin-up picture which you claimed was Rita Hayworth. I say it can't be. It must be some other movie actress whose name I cannot recall. I know from past experience that it is not Rita Hayworth.

She has much smaller legs.

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —Pvt. JOSEPH D'ANGELO

■ Despite your past experience, those are Hayworth's legs.

Short Career

Dear YANK:

We had a fellow in our outfit reduced from the grade of T-5 to private before he was made.

At the time of his downfall he was a private wearing a jacket belonging to his buddy, who was a T-5.

The CO, thinking our hero was a T-5, had him broken. Realizing that that couldn't be done to a private, a special order was published making our hero a T-5 and on the same order reducing him to private.

Can anyone top that?

Britain —A "WALDO RAIDER"

Intentions Honorable

Dear YANK:

Can a civilian have a GI transferred from his post because the GI dates his daughter? It sounds like a gag, and it very well may be, but here's the pitch.

I've been dating this gal for 10 months steady. No marriage in sight as yet, but intentions honorable. My furlough starts next month and she is taking her vacation at the same time. We are going to New York together with the approval of my parents but not hers. Her father objects, but as she is 26 he can't do anything legally. However, as a threat, he promises that if she goes with me he will have me transferred to another field.

Now I don't know who the old man knows. He might just be bluffing, but I want this on record just in case he succeeds.

He is in the underwear business.

Texas —A Corporal

By the Numbers

Dear YANK:

This fascinating game with the number 129 will surely interest some of your readers, especially the superstitious ones, at home and on the fronts. It was taken from a German prisoner captured near Cherbourg.

1760 Birth of Napoleon **129**	1809 Napoleon in Vienna **129**
1889 Birth of Hitler	1938 Hitler in Vienna
1789 French Revolution **129**	1812 Napoleon marches on Russia **129**
1918 German Revolution	1941 Hitler invades Russia
1804 Napoleon becomes emperor **129**	1815 End of Napoleonic Wars **129**
1933 Hitler seizes power	1944 ?

Britain —M/Sgt. GEORGE J. WINNER

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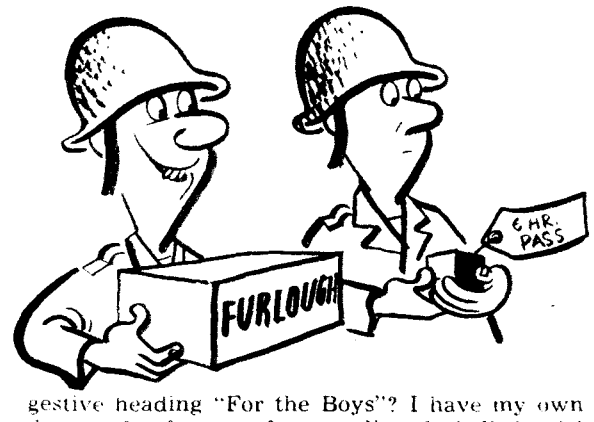
KHAKI CHRISTMAS

Why not something really suitable, say a timepiece a soldier can cherish long after the war?



IF the MP hadn't been nearsighted, I wouldn't have landed in the WAC stockade. If I hadn't landed in the WAC stockade, I should have been spared one of the most harrowing experiences of this or any war. And not what you think either, Cpl. Lubricious.

Before my rescue, which came just in time, I found the hours hanging heavy on one of my hands and, dangling from the other, a popular woman's magazine, which I will call *Man's Foreign Antagonist*. Reading it with the aid of a Very pistol—the enthusiastic Wac in the next cell called it a "very, very, *very* pistol"—I hit upon a gem of whimsy entitled "Hurry! It's GI Christmas Time."

This gem, purporting to deal with the tastes and fancies of fighting men and women overseas, is well worth the attention of any GI who hopes to crash the Section 8 line. After only 10 minutes of perusal, I developed a coated tongue, green patches under both eyes, a twitch in the *medulla oblongata* which would have done credit to the jitterbug queen of the Harvest Moon Ball, an unquenchable thirst for uncut bourbon and an uncut thirst for unquenchable Three Feathers.

The phrase which contributed most to my incipient palsy had snuggled itself coyly into the second paragraph of the opus. It read: "A Christmas box overseas has the same heart-lifting effect as a furlough."

Well, here, if *Man's Alien Adversary* has its way, are some of the furloughs you GI joes and GI gills (a small liquid measure, one fourth of a pint) are going to enjoy come these hectic Christmas holidays in Europe and around the Pacific.

Right away, we find that this Christmas counselor advocates presents of "the devil finds work for idle hands" variety. Her list groans under gifts designed to put the doggie to work over a hot helmet-tub for the whole of his holidays and long thereafter. Razor, she says with the smirk of a first sergeant asking you to stand closer to the blade. Saddle soap, she says. Shaving kit. Soap. Shaving cream and shoeshine kit. Lipstick, antichap.

With all these suggestions, you might think she'd lean back, satisfied you could fill every moment between details of the day and combat action with healthful, clean diversion, but she doesn't. She has other items and on these she becomes deliberately obscure.

What, for example, are "foot comforts," listed under the suggestive heading "For the Boys"? I have my own dream of a foot comfort—a slim, dark little girl with long, soft hands, who would massage hike-worn feet, humming the while some lilting chanson of Li Po. This can't be what *Man's Overseas Beelzebub* means, but if it is . . . oh, brother, if it is.

This was the point when the coating on my tongue became so thick that I switched to another section of the dissertation. This might be classified as "The Romantic View of the APO" or "Nor Wind, Nor Rain Will Stop Your Bonbons." Ecstatically the author writes "Christmas parcels are delivered . . . by native runners . . . on their backs through jungle or in the far north by dog team." This construction was confusing. After struggling with what the native runners were doing with dog teams (perhaps she was referring to runners on the sled), I decided it would be safer for civilians to send nothing that couldn't be safely borne through Piccadilly on a cleft stick by a Gullah bearer.

The Wacs have their goodies listed as "For the Girls." The girls, like the men, are to be snowed with cheer in the form of cologne, hand cream, cake make-up (and what is Christmas without a cake?), shampoo soap, soap mittens and water softener. The Army is going to be clean this Christmas, mark my words. Every boy and girl of it.

The WAC list wouldn't be fair if it didn't have a mystery item. And it does. Bold as Tokyo Rose and twice as confusing, is the listing: "Powder, body or talcum." Talcum, I understand. Powder, I understand, or think I do. It's this body business that baffles.

First, do Wacs need new bodies? Some of them, yes, but isn't it a rather personal subject? How would you feel if you got a new body delivered under fire in your foxhole Christmas morning? Wouldn't you think the donor was a little critical? Or catty? The issue is one better dropped, and shame on *Man's Traveling Browbeater* for bringing it up in the first place.

Even the powder angle is hazy. Do they mean the antishine dust that comes off on ODs almost as well as on blue serge? Or is it gun powder?

This is a shooting war, isn't it? Well, what are we waiting for? If volunteers will step forward from the ranks we will hook up the old flame-thrower and I will personally lead an assault on the bastions of those old bastions who write Christmas suggestions for *Man's Distant Opponent*.

On Christmas morning, too,

New bodies for Wacs is an issue better dropped

Is this what they mean by a foot comfort, or are we dreaming?

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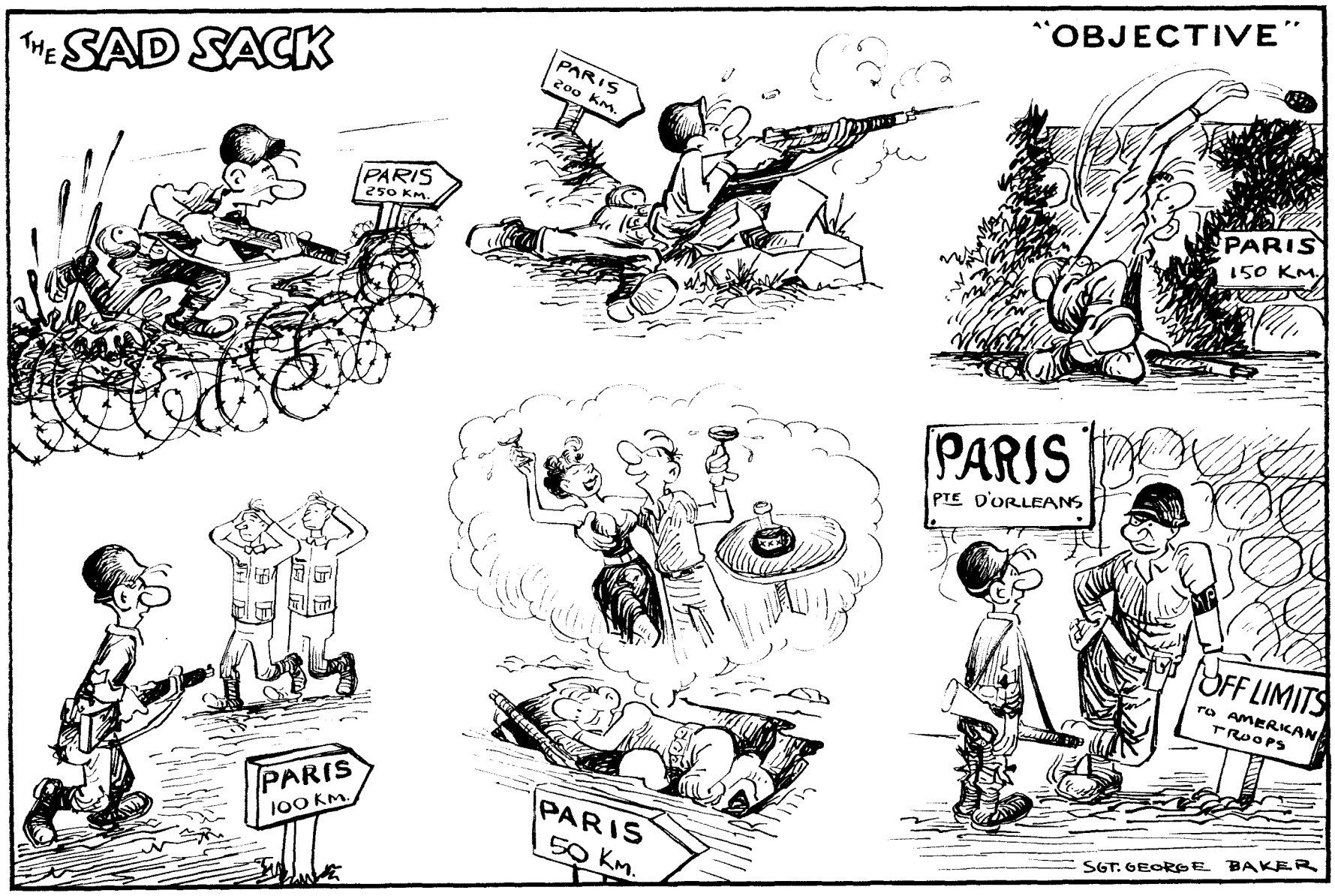

the SUICIDE in MIKE'S PLACE

By Sgt. RAYMOND FORER

NEW GUINEA—And speaking of beer, that always puts me in mind of the first sergeant I had back in the States.

I'm sitting in Mike's Place one night cursing this first sergeant of mine when this drunk comes in and says, "I'm gonna shoot myself."

Well, it's bad enough being a private in the Army, doing KP and such, without some drunk crying in your beer. So I says to Mike, "Gimme another," and I try to ignore the nuisance.

But this guy ain't only a nuisance; he's nuts, too. And I'll be a chicken's brother-in-law, and I ain't chicken, if this bum don't pull a gun out of his pocket. Well, I appraise the situation, as the tax collector says, and I tell Mike to make it two. I calmly sip my beer and say to the guy, "What's wrong?" He begins his spiel and it looks like a long night. I settle back for the evening.

Well, the bum has a story. He was in California, and here we are in Maine, and his Uncle Sam sends him Greetings. He's broke, but a patriot, so he hitchhikes all the way across. Now it's winter, and he's still cold. I see that he ain't got an overcoat, so I order another beer for the patriot, feeling kind of chilly and almost glad I'm in the Army in an army overcoat which is warm.

Anyway, this guy gets to Maine and when he gets examined he's put in 4-F, probably for delirium tremors or something. I reckon he's disgusted, as he breaks down at this point. In order to keep my equilibrium, as the professor says, I lean calmly back on my stool; but I got a heart, see, and besides I've been lucky in a little blackjack game, so I tells Mike to bring the tramp another. He goes on with his story and I very discreetly blow the foam off my beer as I listen to him. He says, and I quote, "I ain't got nothing to live for. I don't wanna live; I wanna die. I ain't no use to my country or to nobody. I wanna die." And he pulls out his gun and lays it on the bar.

I pull my beer away, as I figure that eggs in your beer is good but this guy ain't drooling eggs. I'm sympathetic and all that, but this guy is nuts. He sees I'm losing interest and he grabs for his gun. I figure he wants sympathy but, being a private, I ain't got too much to spare, even though I won a little folding money in the blackjack game. I got KP tomorrow, I muse, otherwise I'd been drinking my beer contented like the cow on the canned milk. So I shun his breath and look the other way.

Then suddenly, very rudely, I'm awakened from my reverie and dreams of things better left unsaid. This nut has his gun pointed at another guy in a telephone booth in the corner. "You see that guy over there," he shrieks, "if he comes out before I count to 100, I'll shoot him dead." And the bedbug begins counting.

I look him over. I'm calm, see, but I figure I ain't in no war picture being a hero. I say to the nut, "Have a beer on me." He stops his count at 21, probably to vote on the situation. Well, Mike has plunked the glass down, so this guy grabs it and swallows his beer fast, me watching his Adam's apple. I thought he swallowed that, too, but no. He finishes and aims his gun again. I'm serene, like the song goes. I sip my beer and hear him get to 35, but the guy in the telephone booth must be talking to his mother-in-law, because he's still there.

I finish my beer and the nut finishes his. I get him another when he's in his 60s. Just then I see the guy in the phone booth hanging up. I watch the nut. He's trying to drink the beer and count at the same time, the gun pointing in the general direction of the guy in the telephone booth. When the guy in the telephone booth is opening the door the nut has reached 86 and me, I'm calmly chewing my beer glass.

Well, this telephone booth guy opens the telephone booth door and I figure this is it.

I look to the nut and he's passed out. He's on Mike's floor—and Mike's floor ain't the cleanest floor in the world—dreaming sweet dreams, of California maybe; anyway I can hear the birds twittering, as this guy snores away with one of Mike's polished spittoons as a pillow.

So I finish my beer and leave. At the door I get a look at the guy from the telephone booth. It is my first sergeant.

I try to tell him I save his life, but he ain't got a heart, he ain't got a bit of gratitude. He says, when I finish my story of how I rescue him from the suicide, "You're drunk." And he puts me on KP.

And I save his life, so help me.

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HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF LUBLIN?

"I have just seen the most terrible place on the face of the earth . . . it has to be seen to be believed. I have been present at many atrocity investigations in the Soviet Union, but never have I been confronted with such complete evidence, clearly establishing every allegation made by those investigating the crimes . . . I am now prepared to believe any story of German atrocities, no matter how savage, cruel and depraved."
—W. H. LAWRENCE in the *New York Times*

Lublin (lyoob'lyen), city (pop. 112,000), capital of Lublin Prov., central Poland [91 miles southeast of Warsaw]. It is an important commercial, industrial and cultural center with a modern university. Founded before the 10th century, Lublin has many medieval churches. In and around the city are numerous ancient ruins. —*The Columbia Encyclopedia*

a-troc'i-ty, *n.* Heinous wickedness; a savagely brutal and cruel deed; something very bad or abominable.

HAVE you ever heard of Lublin?

The Red Army captured it on July 23. On the surface it was like any city that had been fought over: shattered buildings and houses burned by the retreating Germans and rubble piled crookedly in the streets. But there was a stink about Lublin that no other fought-over city ever had, and it didn't come from the soldiers huddled dead in the alleys.

It was the stink from the German concentration camp in the suburb of Maidenek, where more than 1,500,000 persons from nearly every country in Europe were systematically butchered in the last three years.

Think of that figure for a minute. It's about equal to the population of Los Angeles, Calif. Now try to think of everyone in LA being wiped off the face of the earth—but not quickly; not all at once, without pain, by an earthquake or explosion.

Think of them first as being hard up and told there was work and food in a distant city; packing the two small suitcases they were allowed to take; being herded into freight cars for transportation to that city. And then getting there and being put in a huge, electrically wired stockade and dying one by one, the women and the kids and all the men, young and old. Some of them die in gas chambers. Some are clubbed and beaten to death. Some are shot. Some are burned alive. The camp has five huge incinerators and sometimes as many as 1,800 are burned in one day. And this goes on for three years.

That's what they call an atrocity story. Americans aren't supposed to go for atrocity stories. You're supposed to apologize when you hand them one, or at least tell them this one is different, this one is out of the ordinary.

Well, the story of Lublin isn't different. It's been happening every day since Hitler came into power in 1932, and before that it happened in Fascist Italy and everywhere else there was a dictator. That's what makes it so important. In Lublin it just happened to be more so. In Lublin it was organized with German thoroughness, like an assembly plant is organized. Lublin was a Willow Run among concentration camps, where they sorted the clothes and personal belongings of the victims for shipment to Germany; where they took the brass locks off the suitcases and stacked them neatly to be melted down for scrap, where the victims were given a bath before execution because the hot water opened the pores and speeded up the effect of the poison gas; where the corpses were conveyed to special rooms before cremation so they could be examined for gold teeth and the teeth knocked out with a hammer because gold is valuable; where even the bones and ashes were saved to be used as fertilizer for the gardens of the camp guards.

As you can see, they are very neat and efficient, these Germans. Nothing about Lublin was accidental or left to chance. That is its greatest horror. That is the ultimate proof that these people we are fighting have relinquished any right to be called human. And the greatest danger to America is that many of us do not realize this.

WE haven't had our homes burned, our women raped, our men castrated. The Russians have, and they know the Germans today. The English have suffered, too, and they also know. The people of occupied Europe know best of all. It is absolutely necessary for ourselves that we know, because we will have to live with these people in an ever-shrinking world, and we cannot hope to work successfully with them if we do not understand this horror that has shaped their lives for years to come.

It is not just an abstract moral problem. It is not simply a matter of humanity. The fact is that these crimes are on such an enormous and horrifying scale that it is impossible for anyone to comprehend them if he has not been immediately affected. But we must understand what they are. We must understand first that these Nazis are subhuman, that their pride is false and their so-called ideals rotten with corruption. We must understand that this is what Fascism does to people. And we must understand that if we tolerate poverty and race discrimination and intolerance this is where it inevitably leads.

It's as simple as Lublin itself. If a child starves in China, we suffer. If a man is beaten for his religion in Germany, we must sooner or later go to war or perish. Because we are all responsible for the world we live in. And if we want to make that world a decent place, we must understand it.

STRICTLY GI

Unit Plaque

THE Meritorious Service Unit Plaque has been established [*WD Cir. No. 345, 23 Aug. 1944*] for award to service units for superior performance of exceptionally difficult tasks or the maintenance of a high standard of discipline. Units eligible for the plaque are service regiments, service battalions, service companies and similar Army, corps, division and AAF service units, provided the total strength of such a unit is not less than 40 officers and men. The award can be made by any force, command or installation commander of the rank of major general or higher. Only one plaque will be awarded to any unit, but a star may be awarded for each succeeding six-month period sufficient to justify the award. The plaque itself is a dark mahogany shield, 14 inches high, with a green laurel wreath and the inscriptions "SERVICE" and "AWARD OF MERIT" in gold color above and below it.

Members of units receiving the award may wear the Meritorious Service Unit Insignia so long as they remain assigned or attached to the unit. The insignia, a golden-yellow laurel wreath [*shown at right*], will be worn on the outside half of the right sleeve of the blouse and shirt, placed in such a position that the lower edge is four inches above the end of the sleeve.

GI Insurance

You don't have to convert your GI insurance after it has been in effect for a year, according to *WD Cir. No. 337 (1944)*. In fact, the WD suggests that the GI "be discouraged from converting at this time . . . if such conversion might result in his having to reduce the amount of insurance during wartime." One of the reasons for the WD's objection is that "once the insurance is converted to a permanent plan, it cannot be reconverted to 5-year level-premium term insurance" (the type of insurance carried by most GIs). The circular makes it clear that campaigns for conversion of insurance are "not . . . necessary or appropriate in wartime."

New Command

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, has announced that Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley's Twelfth U. S. Army Group (the First and Third Armies) is no longer a part of Field Marshal Bernard L. Montgomery's Twenty-first Army Group. In other words, the American forces of Lt. Gen. Bradley are directly under Gen. Eisenhower's command. Gen. Eisenhower said, however, that Marshal Montgomery conceived and directed the operations of both the British and U. S. forces in Normandy and Brittany during the offensive that led to the capture of Brest, Le Mans and Paris.

Washing Machines

Home-made washing machines are easing the laundry situation in Central Pacific islands where everybody does his own laundry and wears it rough-dried. To make a washing machine, the top is cut off a five-gallon can and a crude windmill is put above it. The windmill is hooked to a drive shaft, which churns a wooden paddle up and down in the can filled with water, soap and dirty clothes. An hour or so of this churning is reported to leave the clothes "free of dirt, perspiration, grease or anything else you pick up in combat."

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Southwest Pacific: Sgt. LaFayette Locke, AAF; Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Inf.; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF; Sgt. Charles Pearson, Engr.; Cpl. Ralph Boyce, AAF; Sgt. Bill Alcine, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Charles Rathe, DEML; Cpl. George Bick, Inf.; Pfc. John McLeod, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.; Cpl. Roger Wrenn, Sig. Corps.

South Pacific: Sgt. Dillon Ferris, AAF; Cpl. James Goble, Armd.; Sgt. Len Wilson, Sig. Corps.

Central Pacific: Sgt. James L. McManus, CA; Sgt. Richard Nihill, CA; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Inf.; Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Engr.; Pfc. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Bill Young, Inf.; Ken Harris CPhoM, USCG; Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Med.; Mason E. Pawlak PhoMic, USNR; Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Inf.

Alaska: Cpl. John Haverstick, CA; Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Sgt. John Hay, Inf.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Bill Haworth, DEML; Sgt. Don Cooke, FA.

Trinidad: Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Cpl. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Sp(x)3c.

●

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Hawaii, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt; Iran, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; South Pacific, Capt. Justus J. Craemer; Alaska, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Panama, Capt. Howard J. Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone.

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CAMP NEWS

Pvt. Yeager Drops In On Dotty Lamour

DeRidder AAB, La.—Pvt. Robert Yeager of the post public relations office stopped by the PRO's desk on his way out on a furlough to Hollywood.

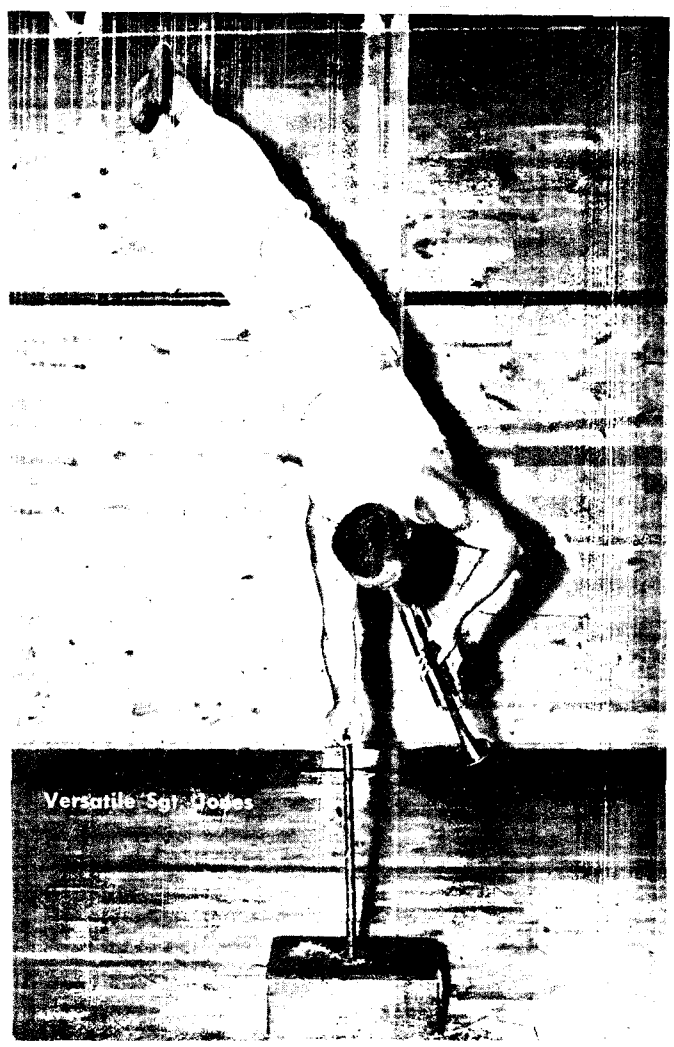
"Any message for the movie stars?" he asked.

"Yeah," said the PRO with a faint sneer, "you might bring back a picture of Lamour looking at the camp paper. When you get back, see if you can swim the English Channel with a baby under each arm.

"After that we'll see if we can't think of another assignment for you."

Two weeks later Yeager reported back to duty and dropped on the PRO's desk a photograph of himself and Dorothy looking over the DeRidder Observer.

"Now about this channel deal," he said. "Where do I get the babies?"



Versatile Sgt. Bodes

Sgt. Jones Plays Trumpet While Doing Handstand

Camp Davis, N. C.—Sgt. Milo Linwood Jones, a prop specialist at the airbase here, was the hit of a recent all-GI show, "Furlough Time," in his hand-balancing act which he did for 20 years in show business.

As far as the GIs were concerned, Milo's top performance consisted of a one-hand pinwheel while playing a trumpet, a little feat that is shown in the photograph above.

Actually a number known as a "two-arm planche" is supposed to be more difficult. In this he goes from a handstand to a body position parallel to the floor, a trick not every hand balancer can do.

His routine also included all the elbow lifts and tiger bends he did while he was a member of an act known as "The Three Milos."

Born in Salt Lake City, Milo first became interested in weight-lifting when he took stock of himself at the age of 16 and discovered that he was a mere four feet eight inches in height. He took up hand balancing after listening to his father tell of the feats of a friend who was a professional.

In 1927 Milo went on the stage and during the time that he was performing he visited every state except Florida and Kansas. His great moment was when he was chosen to entertain the King and Queen of England while they were visiting Canada.

Asked to name specific reasons for his success, Milo stressed a balanced diet, rigid training and the patterning of his style after Paulinetti, one of the foremost hand balancers of all time.

While playing the Trenton (N. J.) Fair in October 1942, Milo enlisted at Fort Dix, was sent to Atlantic City for basic training and to Goldsboro, N. C., for training as an airplane mechanic. After that he was sent to Chanute Field, Ill., for a course in propellers and then transferred to Camp Davis.

Milo has $20,000 invested in equipment for his act and after the war he plans to go back into show business.

—Sgt. SID GRAY

The Art of Goofing Off

AAFRTC, Miami Beach, Fla.—During his basic training period here, Cpl. Richard A. Maniscalco, who is now stationed at Laughlin Field, Del Rio, Tex., missed drill one morning because of going on sick call. Given a couple of pills and sent back to duty, he decided he would spend the day at the beach. While splashing around he noticed another guy swimming nearby and said, "Say, buddy, are you goofing off, too? Ain't the water swell?"

Maniscalco spent the rest of the day mopping up the lobby of the hotel where he was stationed. The guy he spoke to happened to be an officer in his outfit.

Amphibian Inspires Writers

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—The editors of the *Amphibian*, the weekly camp paper, are offering a $50 first prize to the enlisted man, officer or civilian employee at this camp who writes the best short story.

Three of Florida's nationally known writers—Philip Wylie, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlins and Marjory Stoneman Douglas—have been asked to act as judges of the contest entries.

There will be two consolation prizes of $25 each, and although the *Amphibian* will reserve the right to publish any of the stories entered in the contest, all other publication rights will be retained by the authors.

GI Captures CG and His First Stripe

Camp Cooke, Calif.—Capturing German generals in France and Russia has become commonplace, but when an American private takes an American commanding general prisoner while on an overnight divisional field problem, that's news.

Twenty-year-old Pfc. John Michael Schram of New York, then a private, accomplished that feat one night by stealing into the tent of Brig. Gen. Charles S. Kilburn, commander of the 11th Armored Division. When the general turned his flashlight on him and asked what he wanted, Schram replied, "I came for your helmet, sir, as a token of capture."

The general, laughing and obviously pleased at Schram's alertness, handed over his helmet and then said, "Now, soldier, your only problem is to get out of here."

The New Yorker headed toward the ocean, chased by bivouac guards, who were now fully aware something was up. He sprinted for the beach, but was forced to hide in a gully for 20 minutes or more when his pursuers got too hot on his trail.

Finally, making a dash for it, the 55th battalion infantryman, helmet under his arm like a football, reached the beach and walked north through the surf to prevent his shadow from being reflected by the white sand. In the village of Surf he hitchhiked a ride from a bus driver back to the division area. From there he made his way back to the 55th bivouac.

The next day, Gen. Kilburn personally called on Lt. Col. F. K. Hearn, 55th battalion commanding officer, and retrieved the captured helmet. On Col. Hearn's orders Schram was given a commendation, a three-day pass and a promotion to pfc.

General-capturing Pfc. John Michael Schram

The Army From A to ZI

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—In case you're allergic to alphabetic abbreviations you'll be glad to learn that T/Sgt. Jerry Baillio of this field has the problem licked, at least so far as it concerns the Army.

Baillio, whose S-2 job required handling of special orders, was hamstrung by orders like: "Pursuant to ltr Hq First AF, following EMWP by rail fr HQAABMFNY to Barksdale, La. TDN. TO will furn necessary rail T.IGR, the TO will furn ea EM with meal tickets UPAR 30-2215. S/R will not be trfd."

So Baillio started a dictionary of military contractions. In six months the list has grown to 900 entries, including 400 non-GI terms which figure in Army correspondence.

Longest jawbreakers have seven letters, like

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...deen Proving Ground, Md., shoots the ancient bow and arrow when she isn't busily testing modern guns.

AAFWTTC, the Army Air Forces Western Technical Training Command. However, in combination the abbreviations become far from brief, for example, TS&BTCAAFTTC, which means (take a breath) Technical School and Basic Training Center, Army Air Forces Technical Training Command.

Baillio advises GIs to avoid abbreviations in addresses on letters. As an example, ASC can mean Air Service Command, Air Support Command, Army School Center or Army Specialist Corps. AW can mean Article of War, Air Warning or Alaskan Wing. And an epistle addressed to the AMPS might land with either the mine planters or motion-picture services.

Along with official terms are a number that GIs themselves created and put into the American slanguage: SNAFU (Situation Normal, All Fouled Up), SUSFU (Situation Unchanged, Still Fouled Up), GFU (General Fouler Upper) and BTO (Big Time Operator). There are still a lot, both official and unofficial, that Jerry hasn't got, particularly names of far-away Army posts and the various types of landing craft. If you've got an obscure abbreviation, Jerry would like to have it.

From A (Army) to ZI (Zone of the Interior), the most detested abbreviation is KP. And it just so happens that it's the only one that T/Sgt. Baillio has which starts with a K. We suggest he tear out that page.

—Sgt. BERT BRILLER

Pantless Gob

Deming Air Field, N. Mex.—A sailor at this AAF bombardier school is an unusual sight, but a sailor without trousers presented a problem that Lt. Albert U. Kopf, base adjutant, had to solve recently.

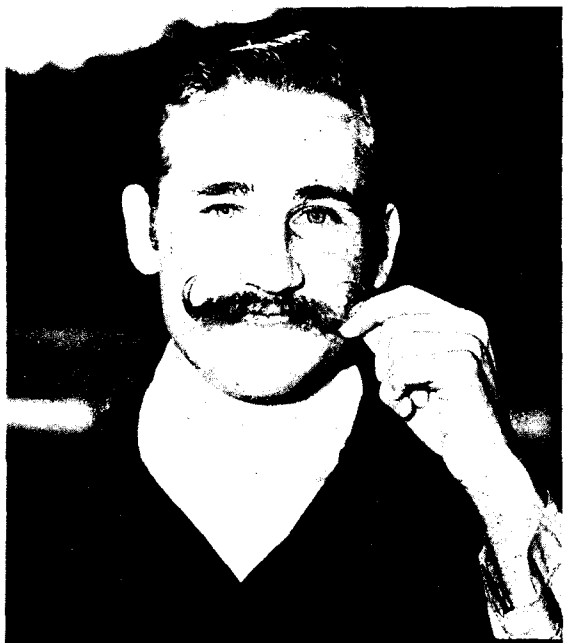
Dale P. Farnsworth S2c, whose home is in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, hitched a ride in a truck to Deming while returning from leave to his base at the U. S. Naval Station in San Diego, Calif. While crossing the desert, he removed his Navy uniform in order to keep it clean and donned civilian clothes.

After leaving the truck in Deming, Farnsworth went merrily on his way until it came time to change back into his uniform. Then he opened his bag and discovered his trousers were missing, no doubt riding north on the truck.

When he reported his plight here, Lt. Kopf scratched his head in bewilderment at first. Then he came up with the answer—an official letter to any suspicious MPs or SPs and to Farnsworth's CO at San Diego, explaining the situation.

MARRIAGE IS HELL DEPT.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—T-5 Harry Johnson of Hq. Det. SCU has some definite ideas on postwar marriage. While bull-sessioning with the boys about wedlock, T-5 Johnson leaped to his feet, pointed his finger at the group and said: ". . . . and furthermore the dame I marry is going to have the Articles of War read to her every week!"



OLD TWIST. Sgt. Michael Koszyk, recovering from combat wounds at Stark General Hospital, N. C., and his mouser.

AROUND THE CAMPS

AAF Base Unit, Ypsilanti, Mich.—GI fruit pickers are saving the AAFTC aviation mechanics' school at Willow Run here $1,000 a month in food supplies. The men, who volunteer to escape less pleasant details, are taken several times a week during the picking seasons to cherry, apple and peach orchards in a 40-acre area about seven miles north. Since the orchards are on property of a government housing project, the Army is allowed to pick all the fruit it is able to without charge.

Bryan AAF, Tex.—At a recent graduation of the instrument-trainer instructors' school here, two men in the class were members of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary college scholastic fraternity. Cpl. Willard R. Wigley Jr. of Waco, Tex., a Princeton U graduate, set a record in grades at the instructors' school with a 94.6 average. The second Phi Beta Kappa man was Cpl. Charles W. Roberts of Thomasville, Ga., a former school teacher and graduate of Davidson College in North Carolina.

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—The woman marine's handbag is like a bottomless pit. The purse carried by Sgt. Martha Libby of Lovell, Maine, for instance, was unofficially found to contain 123 items. Sgt. Libby indignantly pointed out that they were worth precisely $73.79 and that they weren't hairpins or pennies.

Greenwood Air Field, Miss.—Cpl. Leonard Paluszkiewicz, photographer with the Security Troop Section, has been granted official permission by his commanding officer to answer the phone with, "Security Section, Cpl. Alphabet speaking." No one could understand Leonard's last name over the phone and, as it contained almost half the letters in the alphabet, he dreamed up the new monicker.

Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Colo.—When a shortage of pinboys developed at the bowling alley here, bowlers had to set up their own pins. The bowler with the lowest score got the title "Pin-Up Boy."

Grenier Field, N. H.—Pvt. Evelyn Kane, member of the statistical section at Processing, has no trouble remembering her serial number. It's 1,000,000. She is serving her second hitch. Enlisting in 1943, she took her basic at Daytona Beach, Fla., and soon after was one of the first contingent of Waacs to go to England. After three months there, she returned to the United States and was discharged at her request. But the lure of the uniform was too great, and now she's back once more, serving as a full-fledged member of the WAC.

Camp Hood, Tex.—When he takes his hikes along the dusty roads, Pvt. John McGuire of Co. C, 170th IRT Bn., looks longingly at the six-by-sixes as they roll by. That's because when he was employed by the Studebaker Corporation back in civilian life, McGuire, a newspaperman and technical writer, co-authored the operating and maintenance manual used to train army chauffeurs and mechanics who drive the big 10-wheelers.

AAF TURN-ABOUT. Two years ago Bill Marckhoff took flying lessons from Larry Chapman. Now, at Douglas Army Air Field, Ariz., Lt. William C. Marckhoff (left) gives flying instruction to student pilot Lawrence G. Chapman (right).

BURIED TREASURE. Digging away on a fatigue detail at Camp Gordon, Ga., T-5 Roy Varner turned up a battered old tin box. His find held $145 in Confederate money, a map of Georgia dated 1848, assorted letters and trinkets.

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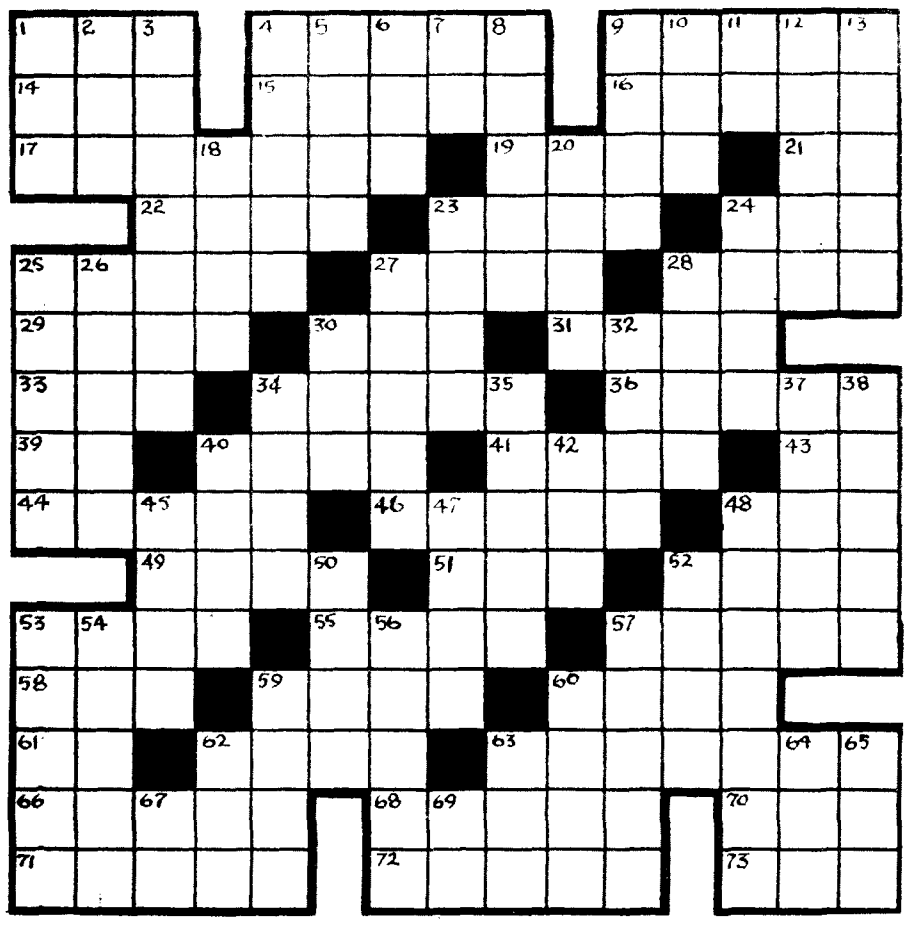
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Sailor
4. Brags
9. Thick slices
14. Type of poem
15. Hindu queen
16. Article of furniture
17. Weight of water displaced by a warship
19. Big story
21. Electrical Engineer
22. Musical sound
23. Scent
24. Disfigure
25. Illegal conduct
27. Get up
28. Felines
29. Glib talk
30. The sun
31. Snare
33. Present participle's suffix
34. Animal
36. Resource
39. Philippine Scout
40. Maxims
41. Torture device
43. In the matter of
44. Aquatic animals
46. Strong thread
48. To furnish forces for action
49. Borsht vegetable
51. Headgear
52. Back talk
53. A drunk (slang)
55. A drunk's walk
57. A drunk's party
58. Pro-anti-Prohibitionist
59. Half a quart
60. Navy recrui
61. At home
62. Retained
63. Incomplete
66. Sacred number
68. Eat away
70. Era
71. Corsets
72. Radio (slang)
73. Ship [illegible]

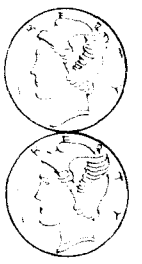
DOWN

1. Small chair
2. Fuss
3. Leasing
4. Wading bird
5. Anger
6. Urge
7. First person plural
8. Plants
9. Prison (slang)
10. Resinous substance
11. Au Base
12. Baa
13. Prophets
18. Alaska city
20. Bard
23. Anoints
24. Geographical charts
25. Fleeces
26. Wash [illegible]
27. Critics (slang)
28. Barrel-shaped vessel
30. Stitch
32. Speed contest
34. Low
35. Attempt
37. Rub out
38. Stretched tight
40. Killed
42. Busy bee
45. Egg on
47. Stimulate
48. Warlike
50. Journey
52. Blemish
53. Kind of chess
54. Dogma
56. Come in
57. Ulcers
59. Yeoman's insignia
60. Entreated
62. Low island or reef
63. Seed vessel
64. Past
65. Limb
67. State
69. Another state



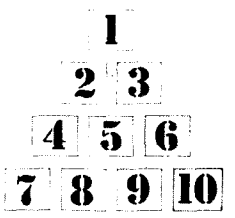
THIS will test a guy's financial sense—in regard to small change. It may win you a beer, though it isn't guaranteed. It very likely will start one of the damndest arguments you ever got into.

Lay down two dimes, touching each other as shown. Bet somebody he can't guess correctly how many rotations the top dime will make while being revolved around the lower dime until it returns to the starting point. (You can check the rotation by watching the face on the upper dime.) The lower dime is held fixed; the upper dime is allowed to turn freely as it moves.



TURN ABOUT

A PLEASANT way to break up that card game—and you'd better do it, chum, while you're still ahead—is to present this problem for the boys to work on.



You lay out 10 cards in the form of a triangle as shown. Then challenge anybody to turn the triangle upside down by moving only three cards.

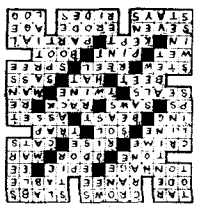
Somehow this usually seems to stump most guys when they first try it, although it's easy as pie once you've been told how the thing works.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

TURN ABOUT. Move 7 and 10 straight up, two rows. Bring 1 straight down to the bottom.

BEER BET. Exactly two rotations. (*Rotate:* To turn, as a wheel, around an axis. *Revolve:* To cause to go around an orbit.)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE →



Navy Notes

Shore fire-control parties of Navy officers and men spent several months training with the Army units they were slated to support during the invasion. In addition, Army men from these units joined Navy ships for target practice before the big operation. Both groups studied the advantages and limitations of the other's weapons so they could work as a team.

A sample of the results of this integrated training is furnished by the record of the *USS Nevada* in the invasion of Normandy. Starting out by blasting four huge holes through a sea wall, she moved on to score three direct hits on an enemy 155-mm gun battery at 23,000 yards and then fired 17 miles to hear the spotter radio back: "Two hits perfect in middle of four guns. Cease firing."

Here is a detailed report of one incident in the *Nevada's* firing, reported by a shore fire-controlman:

"We contacted a paratroop patrol and they reported that nine enemy tanks were coming down the road. I contacted the *Nevada* and her second salvo hit the first two tanks in line. That was some shooting so I called for rapid fire and in a short while the *Nevada* had scored direct hits on seven of the tanks. The two remaining tanks were destroyed by exploding ammunition from the others."

SHE was born in 1923 in Nether Wallop, England, and a wallop is what she packs. Her full name is Belita Gladys Lyne Jepson-Turner, but she answers simply to "Belita." She began dancing at two, figure skating at four. By now she has become pretty elegant in both fields and you may see her in Monogram's "Rhapsody on Ice."

HULL FRACTURES. A Navy board of investigation convened by the late Secretary Knox has made a report on fractures of welded Liberty ships. The encouraging survey states that only 6 out of nearly 3,000 new ships were lost as a result of hull breaks. Although small cracks developed in the plating of several hundred others, this type of accident is not peculiar to Liberty ships and occurs frequently in other types of vessels. The board laid the fractures to the following causes: 1) the abnormal conditions of wartime shipbuilding, 2) the schedule of wartime ship operation, 3) speed of production and 4) lack of widespread background of ship-welding technique.

The disadvantages of welded ships, concludes the report, are easily offset by the tremendous production possible through use of welding in construction.

THE WOMEN. Waves fill 10 percent of the shore billets in the U.S. and 50 percent of those in Washington. . . . Four Waves are now CPOs, three of them yeomen and one a storekeeper. All worked up from third class. . . . Incidentally, the first woman dentist in the Navy, Lt. Sara G. Stout, has been assigned to Great Lakes.

NEW RULINGS. Class V-4 of the Naval Reserve, composed mostly of yeomen doing intelligence duty, has been abolished. The yeomen will either be changed to V-6 (general duty) or rated as specialists (X) (ID) for Intelligence Duty [*Cir. Ltr. 206-44*].

Until further notice there will be no discharges from the Naval Reserve for the purpose of enlisting in the Regular Navy [*Alnav 110*].

All advancements in rating of enlisted men from pay grades 4 to 1A and from 1A to 1 in Regular Navy and Navy Reserve will be temporary. To indicate this, future promotions will be marked (T) [*Alnav 110*].

Although encouraged for a time, ratings in excess of complement are now being disallowed because of the near-maximum strength of the Navy. Only in exceptional cases will promotions be approved other than those to fill vacancies [*Cir. Ltr. 196-44*].

An animated film explaining voting procedure for men in the armed forces is available for all units outside the U. S. [*Alnav 129*].

The letters and rulings cited above are available in greater detail at all ships and stations. They are filed in the administrative office or with the executive officer.

DREDGINGS. The most useful Marine weapon on Saipan was the flame-throwing tank. It was used against caves and in sniper-infested sugar cane fields. . . . The Navy has released 30 men in the States from active service to return to the construction of vitally needed heavy-duty tires. . . . Of the 1,500 ships and assault craft that participated in the landings in southern France, 641 flew the U. S. flag. . . . Vice Adm. McIntire, Navy surgeon general, reports that casualties among Navy, Coast Guard and Marine personnel are 63 percent less than anticipated. . . . A Japanese merchant ship near Saipan was sunk by depth bombs from an Avenger. One bomb completely blew the bow off the vessel. American destroyers arriving on the scene picked up 112 survivors.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

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The Idle GI Rich

"Army-Navy Pay Tops Most Civilians'. Unmarried Private's Income Equivalent to $3,600 Salary."—Headline in *Barron's National Business and Financial Weekly.*

PVT. HERKLOTZ flicked the ashes off his cigar, from which there rose a very expensive odor. His other hand holding our office telephone, he gazed down at the solid gold buckle on the snakeskin belt he wore for every day; his Saturday inspection web belt, with the quartermaster issue open buckle, lay dormant in his foot locker. He was making a long-distance call to his custom distillers in New York.

"Send me a few cases of the 90-proof stuff you were telling me about in your letter," he said casually. "Just whatever you can spare."

The civilian who had been shining Pvt. Herklotz' solid gold belt buckle finished his job and rose wearily. Herklotz flung him a half dollar. "Keep the change, Ernie," he said. "Buy something for yourself." The civilian walked away, muttering humble gratitude.

Pvt. Herklotz turned to me, shaking his head. "Poor fellow," he said softly, "he tried so hard to get in the Army. He tried every branch of the service, but you know those doctors. They tried to keep me out on account of my glass eye."

"Pvt. Herklotz," I asked respectfully, "what did you do before the war? The camp paper needs news, and the story of your rise to a place in our army is as good as anything Horatio Alger might dream up."

My informant smiled reminiscently. "I taught school," he said. "For seven long years I stood at a blackboard teaching high-school algebra for 2,000 and some-odd dollars a year. I scrimped here and saved there—all for what? I could barely afford to see a movie. Then—" and here his face brightened like a KP sent on sick call "—then I happened to see a copy of *Barron's National Business and Financial Weekly.* There's not much else to tell. Thanks to that magazine, here I am, pulling down the equivalent of 3,600 per annum. It's like picking 10-dollar bills off trees."

We were both silent for a moment. Our hearts went out as one to the boys in defense industries. What they wouldn't give to be in our shoes! Pvt. Herklotz leaned over and ran an affectionate finger through the soft, creamy dubbin on his brogans.

"Sometimes I have to laugh," he said after a time, "when I think of the silly daydreams I used to have about striking oil in the back yard or having a mythical rich uncle die. Even if someing like that happened, which it seldom does, look at the trouble I'd have had to go through to cash in. And the income taxes I'd be paying!" Once again he shook his head, wonderingly.

"You can add in your paper," he said, "that I feel that two or three hundred dollars discharge pay is hardly going to compensate for my losing my spot here and going back into the world as a civilian."

"We all feel a little indignant about that," I told him.

"Probably nothing much we can do about it," said Pvt. Herklotz. With an air of finality he rose and brushed off his all-khaki trousers. "Well," he said apologetically, "afraid I'll have to go now. Got to salvage a shirt."

At the door he turned, his face pensive. "You know," he said, "maybe a discharge would be a good thing, all in all. The way things are now I'm sitting pretty, but how about the really high-income brackets? Playboy stuff at my age can raise hell with a man. God, what if I got to be a staff sergeant?"

His eyes began to twitch nervously and I squirmed uncomfortably in my swivel chair, knowing only too well that it could happen to me, too. Pvt. Herklotz pushed open the door and went to salvage his shirt.

AAF, Greenwood, Miss. —Sgt. ROBERT W. CAHOON

SENTRY

I never knew a night could be so long,
  Until I walked with rifle on my shoulder
  The hours when shadows deepen and grow colder;
The hours when darkness comes down swift and strong;
The hours when silence, like a leather thong,
  Binds everything into a velvet folder,
  While nothing moves, and only Time grows older—
Until a night bird stirs its throat with song.

I never knew a night could be so lonely
  Until I stayed awake for many men;
And, while hundreds were sleeping, challenged only
  One who had been to town and back again.
Then, when I thought the night had come to stay,
The stars began to burn themselves away.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

The Higher Rank

IT was only a short ride in the bus from camp to town, and she spoke to me when I first sat down beside her.

"Did you see which way that lieutenant went?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't notice."

"I mean that Army nurse I was with."

"Oh, her," I said. "Yes, I noticed her walking up to the cab stand. You should have said 'nurse' right away, because when you said 'lieutenant' I thought you meant some fellow."

"No," and she had a nice little laugh when she said it, "she's my sister. She's going over soon and I came down to visit her."

Then we had a nice little chat about the Army and the weather and the pretty countryside, until finally we came back to the subject of her sister again and the Army Nurse Corps.

"I'm going in next week," she told me. "They need nurses and my husband's overseas so I thought I'd go back to my old work."

"Your husband," I asked, "is he in the medics? Is he a doctor?"

"Lord no," she said. "He's a buck private in the Infantry."

"That'll make things a little difficult, won't it?" I asked. "I mean, if you ever meet up. You'll be a lieutenant and he'll be a private. You'll outrank him."

And then she said it. She said it so simply, and yet so soft and sweet that I half turned in my seat the better to see her. I saw that look in her eyes that all women in love seem to have.

"I'll never outrank him," she said.

Godman Field, Ky. —Pfc. DONALD MORTIMER

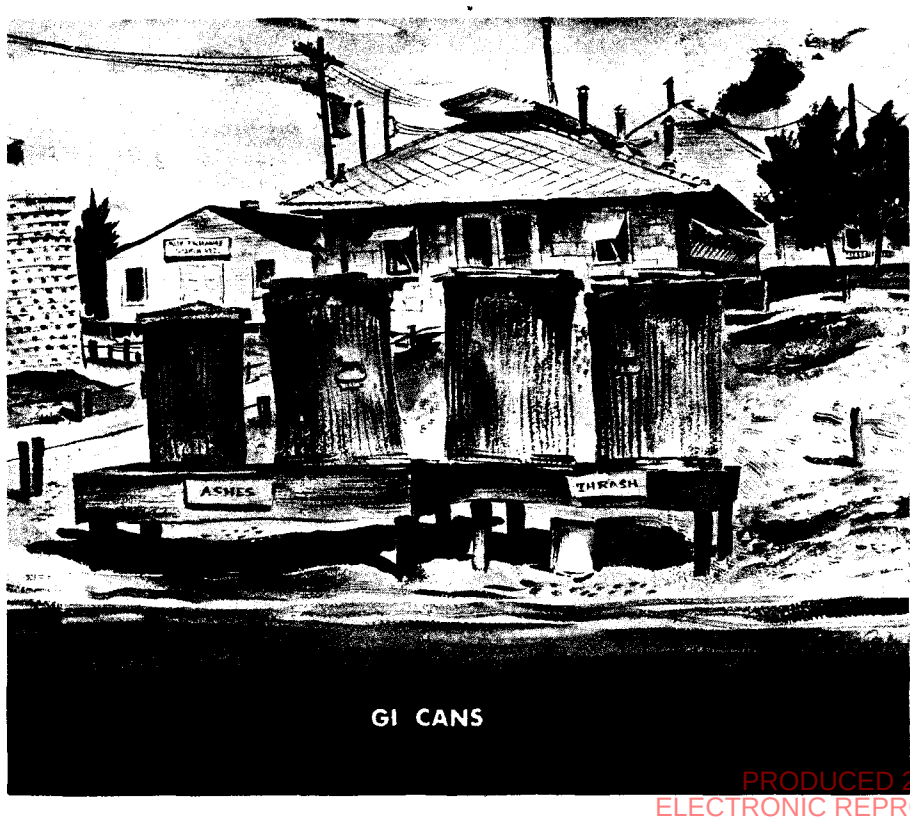
—Cpl. Floyd J. Torbert, Camp Crowder, Mo.

LINES

I do not know how many there are
Who have been touched by your magic
Here in this little town.
Perhaps they are few who carry it,
This flame-tipped, soul-felt, tender thing;
Perhaps they are many.
I do not know.
I know the juke box blares in Cedarville
And it's Saturday night
And perhaps there in the USO
A pfc is remembering your smile.
I do not know but that tonight
In a blacked-out, soot-covered sleeping car,
Cramped by barracks bags piled high,
A frightened lonely boy is whispering your name.
And somewhere there's a man-made hell
And through the bloodied muck
A soldier cradles his rifle close
Almost the way he held you when you danced
And he was a gay good American boy.
Then suddenly he pitches forward, lies still
And the eyes are glassy that but a moment before
Were filled with you and happy things.
We are many of the same mien—
The boy from Council Bluffs,
The boy from Texas,
The boy from Memphis
And I—
And we are only passing through.
I do not know
How many locked the memory of you in their hearts.
I did.
But where I will carry it
I do not know.

Camp Sibert, Ala. —Pvt. JOHN J. RYAN

TWO SCENES FROM CAMP BLANDING, FLA. By Pfc. Don Mundt



GI CANS

BIVOUAC COUNTRY

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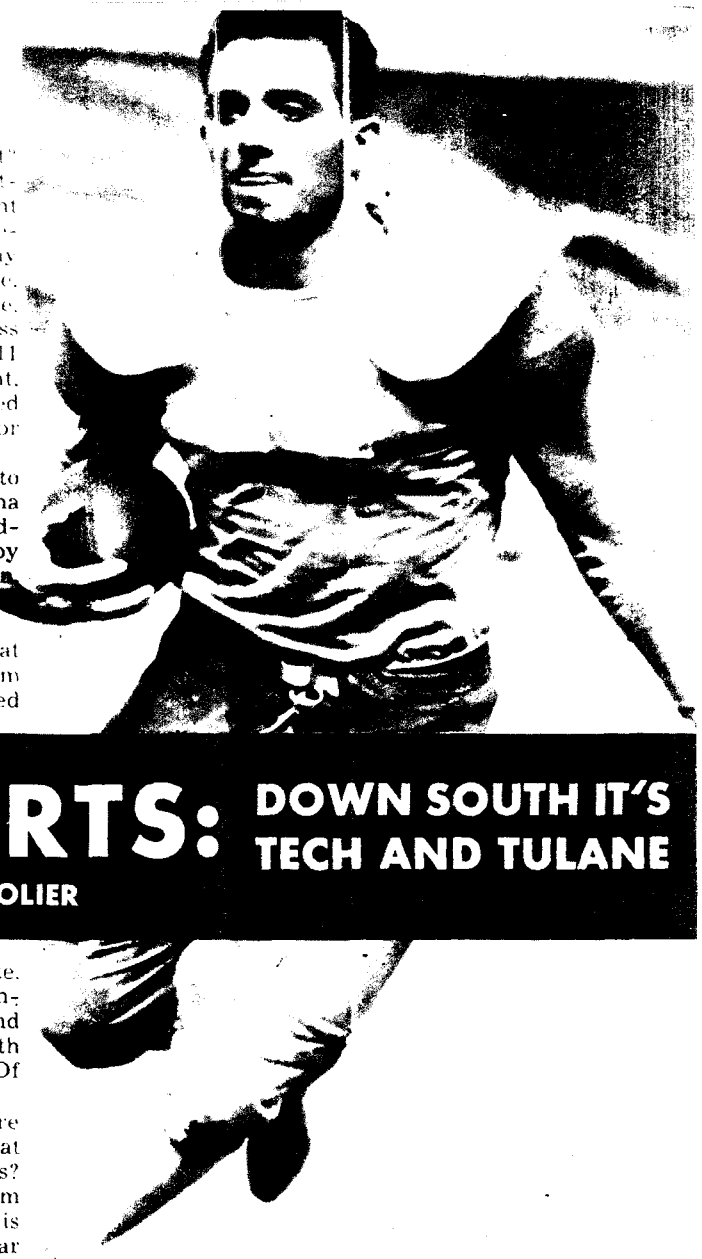
SPORTS: DOWN SOUTH IT'S TECH AND TULANE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Joe Renfroe, Tulane's 4-F halfback, is probably the best kicker and runner in the South.

LOADED TO THE [illegible] and [illegible] Sock this week to [illegible] gentlemen of the Sock [illegible] fraternity. But before we get down to the business at hand, let's officially welcome back after a year's lapse Harry Mehre and Mississippi, Frank Thomas and Alabama, Carl Voyles and Auburn, John Barnhill and Tennessee, Tom Lieb and Florida, Allyn McKeen and Mississippi State, and Ab Kirwan and Kentucky.

Most of you gentlemen know our first speaker as Bird Dog Mehre, the most celebrated recruiter along the Gulf Coast. It is rumored that Mr. Mehre can charm a thick-necked high-school fullback at 25 yards with only one lash of his silver tongue. How about it, Mr. Mehre?

"Only when I'm in good voice. This year I managed to charm 30 boys, and I mean boys. Not one has had a minute of experience in a college game. McCain, an end, and Bruce, quarterback on the T, will give us a good pass-and-catch combination and Timmons, at left half, and Hooker, at fullback, look especially good. We'll be okay if and when we meet some team in our class."

Speaking of bird dogs, Mr. Kirwan, we understand the Kentucky campus is fairly crawling with high-school captains and all-state players. How many did you have at last count?

"Let's see now. Fifteen All-Kentucky players, including Wilbur Schu, a protege of Senator Happy Chandler; five All-Pennsylvania players; four All-Ohio players; three All-West Virginia players; four All-New York players and only one All-Missouri player. If these kids are as good as I think they are, and they can master the T formation, we should do all right against such civilian teams as Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. I don't think Kentucky or anybody else has a chance against Georgia Tech and Tulane. They've got too much Navy strength for us."

Mr. Barnhill, why are you looking so sad? Did Mr. Kirwan highjack one of your Tennessee-bound prospects?

"No. It's worse than that. We don't play Kentucky once this year, but twice, and I don't see how we can hope to handle them. The strength of my team will fall somewhere between the team we had in 1942, which finished with a victory in the Sugar Bowl, and no team at all, which we had in 1943. We are staking everything on four boys from our 1942 squad: Bob Dobelstein and E. J. Asbury, guards; Roy Cross, an end, and Bill Bevis, a blocking back. By the way, hasn't anybody here got the presence of mind to ask what kind of team Mr. Butts will have at Georgia this season? He never was an also-ran in the bird-dog department."

How about it, Mr. Butts? Are you holding out on the boys?

"The Army got Johnny Cook, our best passer, but they gave Al Perl in exchange, and I'm satisfied with the swap. Perl comes from Frankie Sinkwich's home town, Youngstown, Ohio, and is a fine runner and passer. Up front we will have plenty of experience with Mike Castronis, George Jernigan and Carlso Phillips, all from last year's varsity. Have you heard that the LSU alumni are already boosting Bernie Moore for the Orange Bowl again?"

Mr. Moore, how can you hear that remark [illegible] "[illegible] right"

"[illegible] we'd be even better [illegible] Of course, we might not do as much scoring, but that will be because the opposition will be better. We play Alabama, Rice, Texas A & M, Mississippi State, Georgia, Tennessee, Georgia Tech and Tulane, and that's a pretty stout order. Our biggest loss was Steve Van Buren, the guy who scored 111 of our 161 points last year, but Gene Knight, his understudy, looks like a greatly improved player. And in the line we have lettermen for every position except center."

Gentlemen, let's all extend a glad hand to Mr. Gene McEver, the new North Carolina coach. Mr. McEver is probably the only lend-lease coach in the nation. He was loaned out by Davidson College, a noncombatant this season. Tell us, Mr. McEver, how does it feel to be owned by two schools at the same time?

"Great. In fact, I liked the idea so much that I borrowed my brother, Macauley McEver, from VPI to be my backfield coach. We inherited some pretty good Navy talent from last year's squad in Tom Lane, a regular tackle; Tucker McDaniel, an alternate center; Bob Weant, reserve fullback, and Jack Foster, who used to play fullback for Mississippi State. For the most part, however, our Navy personnel looks right much alike. It's all young and green. I guess we are in the same boat with Duke. The Navy cleaned them out, too. Of course, I never feel sorry for them."

From the looks of things, Mr. Cameron, there must be a shortage of bell-bottom trousers at Duke. How about giving us a few gloomy words?

"It was bad enough losing 29 lettermen from last year's squad, but now I hear the Navy is going to transfer Garland Wolfe, a regular guard, and George Balitsaris, my best fullback, four days before the Georgia Tech game. The only other lettermen I have are Cliff Haggertz, halfback; Gordon Carver, halfback; Frank Irwin, tackle, and Ernie Knotts, guard. I'd probably feel much better if we didn't play both Army and Navy this year."

MR. SIMONS, I understand things are so tough at Tulane that you are staying awake nights worrying about you third-string line.

"It's not my third-string line that's worrying me. It's my first-string gang. Everything depends on how they develop. But frankly, gentlemen, my backfield is something out of this world. Joe Renfroe, our All-Conference halfback, is running and kicking better than last year. Leonard Finley, at blocking back, is a smart field general and a good defensive man. Dub Jones, a 190-pound triple-threater at fullback, and Harry Robinson, at halfback, are fast, hard-running boys. And behind them I have Wally Schmitz, Ernie Pechon and Bennie Ellender, all lettermen. Now if I could just find a good passer for my third-string backfield."

That will do, Mr. Simons. It makes our bones ache just to hear you talk. Mr. Alexander, the boys are saying you have nothing less than a national championship team under your lash at Georgia Tech. How about it?

"If we beat everybody on our schedule, we'd have a national championship team, all right. Just look at our schedule: Clemson, North Carolina, Auburn, Navy, Tulane, Navy Pre-Flight, Notre Dame, Duke, LSU and Georgia. Fortunately the Navy let me keep seven starters from last year's team: Frank Broyles and Mickey Logan in the backfield, Ned Cummings at center, Phil Tinsley at end, Bill Chambers and Roland Phillips at tackle and George Hills at guard. Then we have three reserves from last year: Jimmy Wilson and Jimmy Dorough at ends and Tex Ritter, a transfer tailback from Vanderbilt. Now I admit that's quite a ball team. But it's got to be to play our schedule."

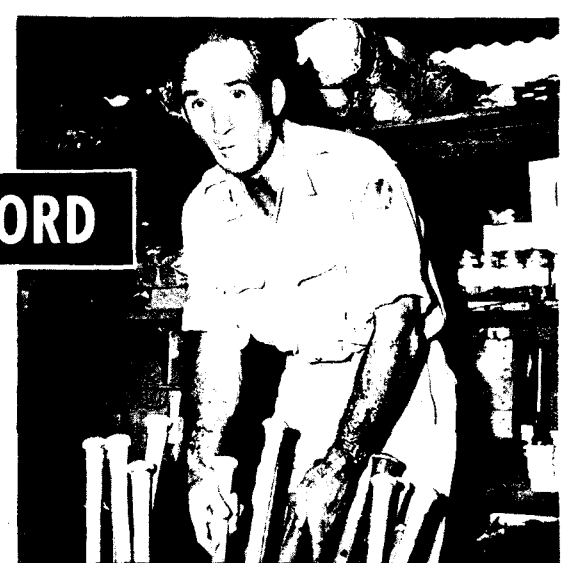
That's it, gentlemen—Georgia Tech and Tulane against the field, and God help the field.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THERE'S a strong possibility that **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** and the Seventh AAF Flyers will make a post-season tour to all the forward Pacific areas, playing in the Marshalls, Gilberts, Marianas, Solomons and even New Guinea. . . .

The USO is putting together an all-girl swimming unit, headed by **Gloria Callen**, to go overseas. . . . YANK'S Navy correspondent told us this one: During a Wave softball game at the Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Station, one girl had been on first base as a runner, and when her side was retired, she picked up her glove and resumed playing at first. Then when the first batter lined out a single, the Wave, forgetting for a moment whether she was supposed to be at bat or in the field, tore out for second base. . . . **Lt. Col. Wilmer Allison**, the old tennis ace, is CO of an AAF Communications Wing at Asheville, N. C. . . . **Ex-Lt. Dick Waterfield**, a CDD from the Army, turned down a luscious offer from the Cleveland Rams and returned to UCLA where he still has a year of football eligibility. . . . **Sgt. Vic Hansen**, who was slated to become West Point's first EM football coach, was transferred before practice began, so **Pvt. Stu Holcomb**, former Miami (Ohio) coach, gets that rare distinction. Holcomb will handle the Army ends.

Killed in action: **Lt. (jg) Jim McDonald**, captain of the 1938 Illinois football team, in the South Pacific; **Maj. Bill Nosker**, Ohio State guard of 1938-39-40, in Italy. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Capt. Stuart Janney**, who rode his own horse Winton to victory in the 1942 Maryland Hunt Cup, during the battle for Saipan. . . . *Appointed:* **Pfc. Pug Lund**, all-time Minnesota football great, to Infantry OCS at Fort Benning, Ga. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Col. Bobby Jones**, former golf champion, from the Army under the 38-year-old regulation for officers; **Pvt. Bobby Ruffin**, top lightweight contender, from the Army with a CDD because of a sinus condition. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Ted Williams**, from the Pensacola (Fla.) NAS to the Corpus Christi (Tex.) NAS.



OLD TIMER. Most GIs will remember Capt. Jack McBride as a great fullback for Syracuse and later with the New York Giants. He's now in New Guinea with the Fifth AAF.

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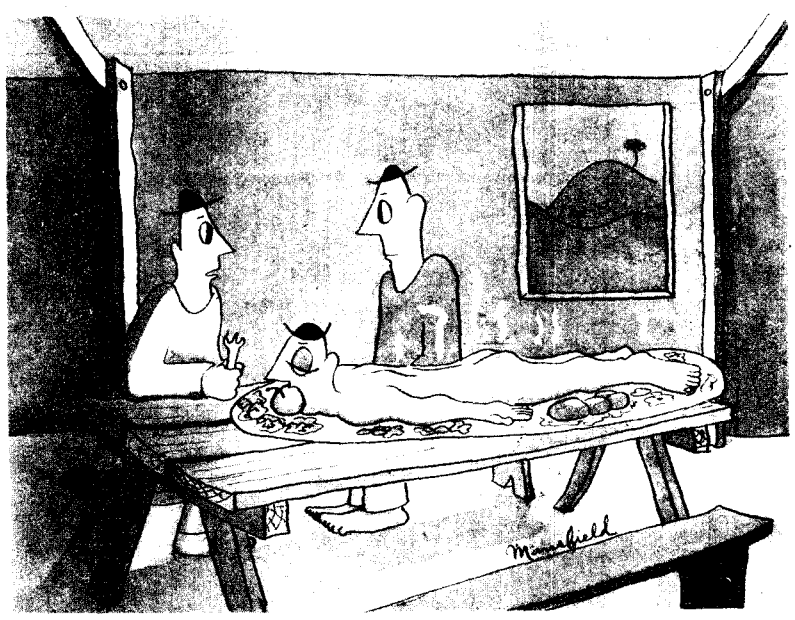
"FEELTHY PEEN-UPS?"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery



"I UNDERSTAND HE AND THE MESS SERGEANT HAD A LITTLE SPAT."
—Pvt. Walter Mansfield

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

"MONTAGUE MADE HIS FORTUNE IN OIL, PHILLIPS DID NICELY IN STEEL, SMEDLEY INHERITED HIS AND THE SOLDIER BUSTED A PAY-DAY CRAP GAME."
—Cpl. Art Gates

"I TAKE IT YOU'RE A NEW MAN AROUND HERE."
—Pvt. George Peltz

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